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RELIGION IN INTOLERANT ROME.

OUR illustration is a faithful representation of the manner in which sins are forgiven in the confessionals of St. Peter's at Rome. The picture tells its own story. Scarcely a word of comment is necessary. Our readers know just how far the doctrine of papal absolution is based upon the Bible—that it rests solely upon our Lord's declaration to PETER, "Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." In the Primitive Church this declaration was interpreted according to the spirit of Christianity. Neither PETER himself nor the early Christians believed that there was any other ground of forgiveness than sincere penitence, or that any human authority could stand between the sinner and his God. There was no change in this position of the Church until hundreds of years after St. PETER's martyrdom, when the Roman hierarchy was organized about a single head—the Pope—who was soon literally understood to exercise upon earth the power of God. To the Pope was thus delegated the power of absolution, and the corresponding power of damnation. In him was vested the absolute and unquestioned prerogative of the committal of souls to heaven or hell. When belief in the existence of purgatory was ingrafted into the creed of the Church the Pope of course became the arbiter of this newly-created kingdom. From the exercise by the Pope of such large jurisdiction over souls the transition was easy to his imposition of the conditions upon which these powers should be exercised. If he could forgive sins, then he could establish whatever basis of pardon he chose. If he held the key of purgatory, he might also use it at his own option and upon his own conditions. By similar reasoning he might, even in this world, impose punishment for sin in the form of penances, and exercise the corresponding power of indulgences.

How has this spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope been exercised? The history of the Roman Church furnishes the reply. Sincere penitence as a ground of forgiveness has been practically laid aside, and simple confession has taken its place. St. PETER's keys only open heaven to those who have been faithful in the performance of certain arbitrary ceremonies, which have no more connection with vital Christianity than had the rites of Pagandom. If the holiness which the Pope rewards is not Christian holiness, neither are the sins for which he imposes penance the sins which Christ denounced. Indulgences and the liberation of souls from purgatory have been and are still sold like merchandise, to fill the coffers of the priesthood.

When only the arms of the United States Legation protect American Protestants in Rome in the worship of God, certainly no Roman Catholic can complain if we carefully scrutinize the manner in which the only legalized worship in Rome is conducted. This scrutiny is also important in view of the attempts which are now being made by the Ritualists to revive, within the limits of Protestant churches, the peculiar customs of Romanism. In England the Pope has such large expectations that Archbishop MANNING has obtained from him an indulgence of one year to all who shall devoutly recite the *Gloria Patri* and *Ave Maria*, with the intention of obtaining from God the perfect "conversion" of the English nation to the obedience of the faith and reconciliation to the chair of St. PETER. Of republican America only does the Pope stand in fear. He knows well enough that the very theory upon which his mighty and terrible jurisdiction over the spiritual destinies of men rests can not stand here. The spirit of independence which our institutions beget, and education, which is here as free as the air and the sunlight, prepare the way for spiritual as well as political liberty. *Whatever* tyranny, *whatever* opposition stands in their way will be ground to powder. We see, therefore, why the Pope was the first and only authority which recognized the Southern Confederacy. We see, also, why American Protestants were lately menaced with the prohibition of their right to worship in their own chapel at Rome. Some of the papers in this country have tried to soften and explain away this arbitrary insolence. But the fact still remains, and is based upon the authority of Mr. KING, our Minister at Rome, that the menace was uttered, and that nothing prevented the victory of the Pope but the transference of the arms of the American Legation to the building in which Americans met for public worship.

If our readers desire to know more particularly about religion as it is conducted in the "Holy City" let them peruse the following statement, not long since made by Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, a bishop of the Episcopal Church. Speaking of the Roman Catholic priests in the city he says:

"In the city of Rome their number is estimated at one in twenty-five of the population, while in the whole Papal dominions there are said to be, including nuns, nearly fifty-five thousand—certainly ten times the number necessary for the spiritual wants of the people. The support for all this army is of course drawn from the impoverished inhabitants.

"Of relics it is almost superfluous to write, for every church has its abundant share of bones and ashes and blood of the Saints. In the church of San Lorenzo we were shown the gridiron on which St. LAWRENCE suffered martyrdom, some of his teeth, and vials of his blood. In the church of St. Praxides are marble panels on which are engraved a list of the relics they

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preserved. It is too long for insertion here, but we make from it the following selection: A tooth of St. Peter; a tooth of St. Paul; a part of the blessed Virgin Mary's chemise; part of the girdle of our Lord; part of the rod of Moses; part of the earth on which our Lord prayed before His Passion; part of the sponge with which they gave our Lord to drink, and of the reed on which it was placed; part of the sepulchre of the Virgin Mary; a picture of our Lord which St. Peter gave to Prudens, the father of St. Praxides; part of the towel on which our Lord wiped His disciples' feet; part of the swaddling-clothes in which our Lord was wrapped at his Nativity; part of His seamless garment; three thorns from His crown; and four fragments of the true cross. We have copied about one quarter. These, however, are sufficient to show the objects of reverence which are exhibited in every town to the credulity of the faithful.

"One of the most fatal of their doctrines is that of Indulgences. It seems to be expressed so broadly and unequivocally that there can be but one way of understanding it. Over the door of almost every church is the inscription, 'Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis.' In the church erected above the Mamertine Prisons is a long Italian inscription, of which we translate the following portion: 'From a prison it was consecrated a church, in honor of the said holy Apostles, by St. Sylvester, Pope, at the prayer of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and he gave it the name of S. Pietro in Carcere, and granted every day to each one who visited it one thousand two hundred years of indulgence, doubled on Sundays, and commanded festivals, and, moreover, every day the remission of the third part of sins. Gregory XIII. granted there plenary indulgence on the first day of August, from the first vespers until sunset. Finally, Pius VI., in 1776, granted there every day the perpetual plenary indulgence for the living and the dead.' I one day asked an ecclesiastic what these things meant. He went into a very elaborate attempt to explain them away, at the end of which I was no wiser than before. Either I was very dull, or he darkened the matter by a multitude of words. But these inscriptions are constantly seen on every side, and how must the common and uneducated classes interpret them? Why, of course, exactly according to the literal meaning of the words.

"The doctrine of purgatory is brought before them with equal distinctness. The inscription at the Mamertine Prisons, a portion of which we have given above, concludes with this sentence: 'The altar of this church of S. Pietro in Carcere is privileged every day forever with the liberation of one soul from purgatory for every mass which shall be celebrated at the same.' And in almost all the churches are inscriptions like the following, which we one morning copied from over the altar in that of S. Maria della Pace: 'Ogni messa celebrata in quest altare libera un anima del purgatorio.' Saying masses is, indeed, sometimes the only support of unbeneficed priests. They are in readiness to perform this duty for any who wish it, and thus contrive to gain a precarious living. The price for a mass is from three to four pauls—that is, from thirty to forty cents. This disgraceful traffic in sacred things shows that Rome has not improved since Dante referred to it as the place

'Where gainful merchandise is made of Christ
Throughout the livelong day.'

"The Rev. Dr. Jarvis, in a work—'No Union with Rome'—published a few years since, has a passage showing how much an individual, by a little bodily labor, can do before breakfast to gain remission of his sins; and from an acquaintance with the places mentioned we can confirm the feasibility of the plan. 'At sunrise he might kiss the cross in Coliseum, and obtain two hundred days' indulgence in a moment. He might hurry to the church of St. Pudens and St. Pudentia, and during a half-hour's mass secure to himself three hundred years' indulgence and the remission of a third part of his sins. Returning by the way of Ara Cœli, he can recite the litanies of the most blessed Virgin at the altar of her who by Papal authority is called "The Refuge of Sinners," and he has two hundred days more of indulgence, which he may either keep himself or kindly give to one of his dead friends. If he has three pauls (thirty cents) in his pocket he may exercise his charity toward that friend still further, by having a mass said expressly for his soul by one of the monks or any other priest, and thus deliver it at once from the torments of purgatory. Crossing thence to the Mamertine Prisons, he may gain twelve hundred years' indulgence, or, on a Sunday or festival morning, two thousand four hundred years, and the remission of another third part of his sins. Here, also, if he has another thirty cents to spare, he can pay for another mass and liberate another friend from purgatory. Thus he may, before breakfast, every day of his life, obtain for himself at least more than four thousand three hundred years' indulgence, and the remission of two-thirds of his sins with only a little bodily labor; and for the expense of sixty cents he may liberate two souls from purgatory.'

"While such corruptions exist is it not natural that unbelief should be rife? The fear of the Inquisition may indeed prevent its open declaration, yet it still poisons the very fountain of faith, and changes men into formal hypocrites. The educated ask, Can this be the religion of Christ? It requires but a faint glimmering of reason to answer in the negative, and knowing nothing to substitute in its place, they fall into the coldness of skepticism. We believe that the Eternal City well typifies the actual condition of the Papal Church. On every side we see decrepit, faded grandeur, the evidences of a mighty power which, in past centuries, had here its home, but which has now utterly passed away.

"The most fearful picture of religion in Rome is that given by Mazzini. He writes, indeed, with the bitterness of an exile, and we should therefore feel inclined to soften some expressions and strike out some sentences of sweeping condemnation; yet, as a whole, we fear there is too much truth in his view. 'Conceive the state of a creed-distrusting people, curbed, domineered, overburdened by an army of priests manifesting the faith only in force, who surround themselves with Swiss and Austrian bayonets, or in the name of Christ muster brigands from the Galleys! Religion—I speak of Papal Catholicism—is in the Roman State more than elsewhere lifeless: lifeless in the educated classes, as a consequence of the enlightened age; lifeless in the people, as wanting a symbol—as wanting a something representative. Who in that country is ignorant that the nomination of Christ's Vicar depends on embassadorial intrigue, and that the direct or indirect veto of Austria, of France, or some other power, throws into nonentity the so-termed chosen of the Holy Spirit? Who is ignorant that long since the *King* strangled the *Pope*; that diplomacy masters theology; that the notes of foreign plenipotentiaries have inspired briefs to the clergy of Poland and the bishops of Ireland? Which *motu proprio* of a Pope but insults the infallibility of his predecessor? Who in the provinces but can point to the agents of the prelate-governors shamelessly trafficking in all that can bring money to themselves or their masters? Who, dizzied in this whirlpool of scandal, of hypocrisy, of dilapidation, can preserve his faith intact? By a deplorable but too natural reaction, negation, materialism, doubt, day by day ingulf fresh souls. It is compulsory that men should communicate at Easter; it is compulsory that the youth of schools and universities should be present at mass each day, and communicate once a month; it is compulsory that public officers should take part in services termed religious. Such is religion in the Papal States.'"

To these statements the Roman Catholic will always reply that the Protestant Church is a small minority in Christendom, and that the legitimate result of Protestantism is naked infidelity. It is true that, in respect of numbers, Protestantism is in the minority. But from another stand-point it is an overwhelming majority; for it is to-day the motive-power of civilization. And if the restoration of Christian faith to its primitive simplicity must of necessity lead to infidelity, the world can easily stand that sort of infidelity. Whatever has been attached to Christianity which can not stand the test of universal education must go by the board; but there will still remain, established upon immovable foundations, the faith which Christ illustrated by His words, His life, and His crucifixion—the faith of the original Apostles. If the power of the Pope to dispose of our souls at a given price should not stand—if purgatory, penances, and indulgences all vanish—why *then* Christianity still remains, purified and exalted by its renunciation of all these; leaving to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and giving to God the things which are His!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 29, 1867.

HOW LONG?

John Hampden and his friends found at last that Charles I. was a liar. Some veracity is essential to human affairs, but Charles showed that he had no perception of honor or good faith. Whether he signed a paper, or pledged his word, or swore a solemn oath, his conduct was the same. The moment he thought that he could safely forswear himself he did not hesitate at the meanest falsehood. And when he had fully proved his unexceptional falsity the Parliamentary leaders resolved not to trust him again, and to seek some surer foundation of English liberty than the word of a common perjurer.

Andrew Johnson, without the same duplicity as the English King, is guilty of the same weakness. When Charles assented to the Petition of Right he concealed his hostility to it, and it was supposed to be a final pacification because it was believed that he would execute it in its own spirit. When the President received the Military bill he did not pretend to like it, but when, despite his opposition, it became a law, he was bound to execute it according to its clear intention. He began in that spirit. He appointed military commanders who were acceptable to those who had made the law, and who were very sure to execute it as they meant it. The result was an instant cessation of the tumult of feeling in the Southern States, a general and happy conviction every where of a speedy return of the normal condition of the country, the reviving of trade, the resumption of industry, and universal pacification. And as a consequence of this agreeable prospect, and this truce of party contention, there was a reaction of feeling in favor of the President, and a general willingness that the project of impeachment should be no further discussed.

But it is beginning to be evident that the President, like the King, is his own worst enemy. It seems impossible for him to learn from experience. A formalist and a doctrinaire, he can not comprehend that he is the chief magistrate of the most practical people in the world, and that their minds are made up to a certain course which he can no more resist than he could resist the blow of a trip-hammer. To interpose technical objections to a law of which the intention is written with a sunbeam, to invite an Attorney-General who has declared his hostility to the law to interpret it so as to secure the power of those whose power it is the known design of the law to overthrow, is to go very far toward outraging the public patience beyond endurance, and to persuade the loyal people of the United States that their policy of reconstruction is impracticable so long as Mr. Johnson is their chief executive officer.

The Military bill, as every body knows, was meant to submit the Southern States directly to the national authority, until they were reorganized according to its provisions. The existing civil officers were to be respected, unless they interfered with the working of the military system. Then, of course, they were to be superseded. There was to be no excuse for a conflict. The civil authorities were not to be equal or co-ordinate with the military, each paralyzing the other. Nor were the limits of each sharply defined, that they should be scrupulously respected. Such an attempt would be utter folly in a community radically disorganized by war. In a word, the plain intent of the bill was to make the military authority supreme and the civil subordinate. If there were any difficulty of interpretation there were but two evident courses—either the Legislature must be asked to explain its intention, or, in the absence of the Legislature, the law must be interpreted in the spirit of its well-known design.

The Attorney-General has given an interpretation of the law which is intended to defeat its purpose. It is intended to procure the restoration of Wells as Governor of Louisiana; of Abell as Judge; of Monroe as Mayor of New Orleans; and Withers as Mayor of Mobile. If the President acts upon the Attorney-General's opinion he will break faith with the country. But that he may clearly understand what the country means, Congress should assemble on the first of July and declare its own purpose in the reconstruction law. The President should himself desire it. Then, when the wish of the country has been indicated, should he still seek to pervert the law to its own overthrow, he will compel every truly conservative citizen to ask whether it is not his manifest intention in this grave crisis to baffle the national will and to prolong the perilous position of the country.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The New York Constitutional Convention has thus far shown an excellent spirit. Upon the first day, indeed, Mr. James Brooks very unnecessarily complained of a caucus of the Republicans, and Mr. Horace Greeley very unnecessarily replied. Even if the event should prove to be as Mr. Greeley assumed, that the Democratic party will oppose the Constitution, there was no good reason for saying so in the Convention so long as it is merely an assumption. It is, of course, difficult to see, as we have heretofore said, how a fundamental law embracing the principles which the Republican party believe to be essential to a just government can be supported by the Democratic party, unless upon those points their opinion is changed. But that is an observation which may wisely be omitted, for every reason, at the opening of such a Convention.

With this exception there has been nothing to mar the general good feeling which prevails in the Convention. The proposition to set aside for the present the rule authorizing the calling of the previous question was wisely adopted by a large vote. It is always possible for the large political majority to establish it should the minority show an unfair spirit in uselessly prolonging debate; and as the political minority felt that its peremptory adoption in the beginning would be ungenerous, it seems to us that the Convention did wisely in yielding to the feeling. There can be no question of the good effect produced.

The wisdom of Governor Fenton's recommendation of delegates at large is now also very apparent. Such is the political division of the State that except for the arrangement suggested by him the city districts and those immediately adjacent would have furnished the great bulk of members of one party, and the remaining twenty-two rural districts, with three exceptions, would have sent all the delegates of the other. But the Governor's proposition gave each party the opportunity of securing a representation for itself in the section of the State where it was hopelessly weak.

The dispatch of business has been as rapid as could fairly be expected. The Convention has the advantage of the experience of its predecessor of 1846, and several points upon which that body wrangled for days have been settled in this almost without debate. The duty of the Convention is to make as concise and simple a fundamental law as possible; not to legislate in the Constitution; to lay down certain great principles; and to confide in the people, and by the word people we mean the whole constituency of the State. The inhabitants of Albany are not the people, nor those of New York, nor those of Elmira. It is the duty, as it doubtless will be the pleasure, of the people to be taught by experience. It is certainly the duty of those whom the people have delegated to propose changes in the Constitution, to suggest fearlessly those which they believe the conviction of the people demands.

NOTICE TO TEN THOUSAND AMERICANS.

No traveler in Europe will deny that the inspection of his personal luggage by the custom-house officers at every frontier was one of the chief annoyances of his journey. Especially one traveler whom we know is of this opinion. For upon reaching the Austrian line, as he approached Salzburg, he had a slight difference of opinion with the royal and imperial inspector of customs, who fumbled long and vexatiously in a very small traveling-bag to find contraband articles, and who ingeniously contrived to disturb the cork of a modest bottle of ink which consequently bedewed all the contents of the bag. The veterans of travel at that day, admonished by much sad experience, always declared that their shaving-soap and slippers contained nothing contraband, and displayed a five-franc piece as conclusive evidence, which was always accepted as final proof. It is a misfortune certainly that this relic of barbarism has not disappeared from our own practice, and that the American who used to swear at this vexation all the way through Europe now returns to encounter it in its worst form at his own door.

Still Mr. M'Elrath, the appraiser, is perfectly right. It is a law of the land, and he properly insists upon executing it. He probably knows as well as any body that the surest way of getting a bad law changed is to insist upon executing it to the rigorous letter. He very justly will not wink at its evasion; and as the traveling members of the human family seem to suppose that there is no harm in smuggling, and that the detective officer of the Customs can not be really in earnest, the appraiser has issued a letter in which he defines the requirements of the law in the matter of personal luggage, and informs whomsoever it may concern that if they wish to avoid detention and trouble they will not try to smuggle silks and woolens partially shaped into clothes under the name of wearing apparel. This is horribly vexatious, but if the free and enlightened American does not like it he must change the law. He can not fairly complain of his own action. The appraiser is his officer executing his will. The account of dissatisfaction is to be settled with himself, not with the appraiser.

Mr. M'Elrath computes that there will be not less than ten thousand persons returning to the United States during the year, who will bring with them various articles, such as new clothes and fancy articles, worth two millions of dollars, the regular duties upon which will amount to about a million of dollars, and he desires the retreating ten thousand to understand "beforehand that every dollar of these duties will be exacted, and must be paid before their trunks and packages can get through the hands of the customs officers." The ten thousand may bring their combs and brushes if in actual use; also their coats and trowsers, partially worn; also their professional books and tools of trade—not machinery; also pictures and statues by American artists abroad; also jewelry when worn and evidently intended to be worn by the bearer; also one pair of slippers if well down at the heel; also household plate and effects if they have been in use one year abroad. Every thing else should be carefully stated in writing by the ten thousand, and upon their arrival the duties, amounting to about fifty per cent. of the value, will be levied. The duties can then and there be paid, and every one of the noble army may immediately step proudly ashore upon the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Mr. M'Elrath, the appraiser, has done nothing more than his duty in publishing his letter, but it is the most powerful free-trade document that has been lately issued.

M. BASTIAT AND MR. CAREY.

Since the publication of our article upon the question of originality between Mr. Henry C. Carey and M. Bastiat, the French political economist, our attention has been drawn to the letter of Bastiat himself in reply to the same charge when originally urged by Mr. Carey. The letter is published in the *World* of May 25. Bastiat is of opinion that, although he has read Carey with the other economists, he is not indebted to him for any principle which was not already familiar to him. He is indeed indebted to him as to all other sources of information, and to the whole literature of economical science. Moreover, in the second volume of the *Harmonies*, M. Bastiat says that it was his intention to cite Mr. Carey, and for the reasons which he gives. But when this letter was written in November, 1860, Bastiat was already near his end, and he died a month afterward before he could finish the second volume.

The paragraph of Bastiat's letter, which

deals directly with Mr. Carey's charge, is the following:

"Mr. Carey complains that I have not cited him; it is perhaps a wrong on my part, but it was not an intentional wrong. Mr. Carey has been able to open new vistas to me, to furnish me with arguments; but he has not revealed any principle to me. I could not cite him in my chapter on *exchange*, which is the basis of all; nor in those on *value*, on the *progressive possession in common*, on *competition*. The moment to support myself with his authority would have been *apropos* of *property in land;* but in this first volume I was treating the subject on my own theory of value which is not that of Mr. Carey. At that moment I was proposing to myself to make a special chapter on the rent of land, and I was firmly in the belief that my second volume would follow close upon the first. It is in that volume that I would have cited Mr. Carey, and not only would I have cited him, but I would have withdrawn myself into the back-ground in order to assign to him the leading rôle upon the scen and this for the sake of the cause. In fact, on the subject of land Mr. Carey could not fail to be an important authority. To study the primitive and natural formation of that sort of property, he has but to open his eyes; to explain it he has only to describe what he sees; more fortunate than Ricardo, Malthus, Say, and all of us European economists who only see landed property subjected to the thousand factitious combinations of conquest. In Europe to ascend to the origin of the principle of property in land, it needs to employ the difficult procedure which Cuvier made use of to reconstruct a mastodon; it is not very surprising that the major part of our writers should have made mistakes in this application of the processes of analogy. In America there are mastodons in every quarry; it suffices to open one's eyes. Therefore I had every thing to gain, or rather the cause had every thing to gain from my invoking the testimony of an American economist."

Now that the question has been definitely raised and the good faith of M. Bastiat and the generosity and truthfulness of Mr. Carey have been publicly denounced, the subject should not be allowed to rest until the whole correspondence is published. For it is impossible that all the facts should be known until all the letters have been seen. If the literary executors of M. Bastiat understand the vital importance to their friend's reputation in this country of a distinct settlement of the difference, they will not hesitate to publish the correspondence at the earliest moment, especially as Mr. Carey joins in the call. As the case stands Mr. Carey has made a charge of plagiarism which M. Bastiat denies; but he admits that in a coming volume he should have acknowledged his obligation to Mr. Carey upon another point. Let us now have the whole correspondence. That, and a comparison of the view in question as treated by both authors, with the date of the publication if the view shall be found identical, can alone settle the question.

A FALSE ALARM.

When the bill abolishing the slave-trade passed the British House of Lords one of their lordships arose and stalked out of the House, declaring that he washed his hands of the ruin of the British empire. We forget the details of the direful events that were to follow the voting of colored citizens in the District of Columbia, but they were announced with painful accuracy when the bill of enfranchisement passed. The President recounted some of them when he vetoed the bill. He thought that the suffrage would act upon the colored people of the States as sweets attract wasps, and that the entire colored population would swarm into the District, so that ignorance and prejudice might obtain political power even in Washington, and even while his Excellency occupied the White House.

But the result of the late election shows that these fears of horrible disaster to the celebrated temple of our liberties have been quite without reason. Colored men have voted in Washington, and the country and the Constitution still live. They will vote in the Southern States, and still the country will endure. One by one the hobgoblins will fade away in the growing light, and the practical effect upon politics of this tranquil transformation of slaves into voters will be incalculably advantageous. In this, at least, it will be found that honesty is the best policy.

THE NATIONAL BANKS.

Since the recent failure of several National Banks and the exposure of corrupt practices on the part of others, considerable public criticism has been indulged respecting the merits of the present Banking system. Some journals have gone so far as to pronounce it a "national fraud," and to demand the repeal of the existing National Bank act. Others, the strongest possible supporters of the Government, freely affirm that public and private interests require a speedy and radical change in the system, with the introduction of reforms which will, for the future, prevent detriment to the people and the Government. Under present indications, there will no doubt be a strong pressure upon Congress, from certain quarters, to repeal the Banking Act, if that body should meet on 1st of July, as it is authorized to do. Should a quorum be present then, there will be a session. The state of finance and business for the coming few weeks will depend much upon whether there is a session or not, for the public mind is at present in a state of incertitude respecting the future. If a meeting should be deferred till December, there would probably be immediate relief. A pressure for money would send stocks down and gold up.

The truth is, there is less occasion for a revision of the National Banking system itself than of reformation among those who avail themselves of the opportunities it affords for fraud. The system, we believe, is the best we have ever had, and none can be so perfect as to afford complete security against dishonest practices. There will always be found bank officers ready to speculate with other people's funds, and clerks ready to embezzle. With regard to depositors, at no time in the history of the country have they been wholly secure. Indeed, they run even less risk now than formerly; for the law not only makes stockholders individually liable for debts of the bank to the extent of double their capital, but requires a legal tender reserve, which, it has been found, is generally kept in excess of the legal requirement. Besides, depositors have another guaranty in the way in which the assets of the banks are invested. In this city the banks are very strong in this particular.

It is evident that, the larger the capital the stronger is the guaranty to depositors. We are sorry that we can not assure depositors that such guaranty is ample. The great disproportion which exists between the amount of capital and the aggregate of deposits, especially in the small country banks, is undeniable. Again, the banks are actually doing business and realizing their 25 to 60 per cent. profits on 10 per cent. of their nominal capital, for they get $90,000 in currency for every $100,000 in bonds which they deposit with the United States Treasurer. The repeal of the Banking Act would quickly make this plain. When they had bought back their bonds, they would find their facilities very much diminished. Very many would have to wind up at once. Such banks as the Bank of America, Corn Exchange Bank, Manhattan Bank, and others of this city, could go on without inconvenience because they are doing business on their own capital. These banks never chose to come under the national system because they feared trouble in winding up at some future day. Whether they were more sagacious than others remains to be seen.

The two most objectionable features of the National Banking system are the tax it imposes upon the people—drawing nearly $20,000,000 in gold annual interest—and the political influence it can be brought to wield. The vast power which a gigantic moneyed institution can exert, if required, was instanced by the old United States Bank. Thousands paid dear for the experience they acquired then. It is openly charged now upon Chief-Justice Chase, who is the founder of the national banks, that he has calculated upon the influence of these banks to carry him to the Presidency; but we set such language down to the account of political claptrap. If the public supposed that the National Banking system was to be employed to elevate any individual to office upon the financial ruins of the country, it would not be long before they would abolish both the system and the faction that dared to suggest such a procedure. If there is suspicion that the banks are speculating or loaning money to irresponsible persons or impecunious speculators who will involve them in their own eventual ruin, or if it be believed that all or any of the banks are the counterparts of the rotten New Orleans affair, then it is time to set strict investigation afoot. It is the duty of Congress to give its serious attention to whatever specially demands reform, irrespective of party considerations; and if it hesitates to do so, the public will express their dissatisfaction. But when journalists boldly pronounce the whole system a "national fraud," and a political machine which will eventually involve the country in bankruptcy and ruin, it is no more than just that they should be called on for the proof of their assertions, that the country may prepare to meet the dangers threatened. If they can devise any better system let them show it up. It is very easy to pick flaws, but only the wise can suggest a remedy.

LIBERTY OF OPINION.

A correspondent in Pennsylvania writes that the tone of a late article, in which we deprecated the folly of calling ex-Governor Andrew "a lost leader," because of his convictions upon the best method of lessening the evils of drunkenness, was unfriendly to temperance men. But our correspondent has not read the article in the spirit in which it was written; and he falls into precisely the error against which we protest. Thus he says: "In the case of Governor Andrew's appeal for license to make drunkards, temperance men are justified in using strong language for many reasons. In arguing that alcohol is food he ignores all the latest scientific authorities, and does violence to every man's common-sense. There is but one way to account for this, and he certainly is a lost leader. You can not save him, but you can throw your influence upon the side of the liquor dealers in trying to defend him."

Here is a curious mixture of erroneous assertion and illogical argument, which is really baffling because of its total unconsciousness. But let our correspondent coolly consider it, clause by clause. *First*, Governor Andrew's appeal is for license to make men temperate, and temperance men may, therefore, differ about his sagacity, but they can not logically doubt his sincerity. *Second*, The latest and strongest authority of the prohibitionists is Dr. Carpenter, and, as Governor Andrew shows, while in one book the Doctor calls alcohol poison, in another he calls it food. What becomes of our correspondent's "common-sense?" *Third*, Was President Lincoln "a lost leader" because he differed with Mr. Phillips upon the method of emancipation? *Fourth*, Does a man encourage infidelity because he does not approve of the Inquisition?

Our correspondent simply assumes that every body who does not agree with him is not only wrong, but is willfully promoting immorality and unhappiness. If he can not see the fatal error of such an assumption, we can not prove it to him.

THE NOLLE PROSEQUI AT NEW ORLEANS.

A year ago the Democratic papers regaled the public with long accounts of a horrible "Radical riot" in New Orleans—a Radical riot, it will be remembered, in which Mayor Monroe and his fellow-rebels massacred Union men. The excuse of Monroe was, that certain people had no right to call themselves a State Convention and proceed to frame a State Constitution. The absurdity of such a pretense was pointed out by us at the time. It was a mere pretense under which loyal men could be murdered, and they were, accordingly, murdered. Those who survived were indicted by a jury under the auspices of one of Monroe's accomplices, for "making and assisting at an unlawful assembly." Attorney-General Lynch, of Louisiana, has just entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case, upon the plain ground that the right of any persons to assemble for peaceable deliberation upon any subject whatever is secured by the Constitution of the United States and of the State.

It will not be forgotten that the papers which most sedulously supported Monroe and his accomplices, by endeavoring to cast the responsibility upon the Radical party, were the papers which are loud and long in their denunciation of the policy which secures a fair hearing for every body. Whatever favors ex-rebels at the expense of loyal men they applaud. Whatever rigorously equalizes the chance of every body, except notorious and conspicuous offenders, they revile as tyranny. Thus they are perfectly willing that the late rebels shall determine the condition of the colored loyal population; but they are indignant with the atrocious despotism which would give the loyal colored man a voice as to his own condition.

These are the organs of the party which professes a peculiar conservatism of the principles of this Government. Their treatment of the fearful massacre in New Orleans a year ago, which was the last spasm of the rebellion, is a good illustration of the quality of their regard for justice and the equal rights of American citizens.

THE LATE Mr. HISCOCK.

No recent event has touched the public heart more profoundly than the murder of Mr. Hiscock by General Cole. The general feeling is one of deep indignation and horror, and it was not possible to avoid its expression in the public journals. Mr. Townsend, of Troy, doubtless expressed the universal conviction of the fellow-members of Mr. Hiscock in the Constitutional Convention when he spoke of him as stricken down by the hand of an assassin. For that is the word which is applied by common usage to a man who deliberately and stealthily slays another. To call such an act murder and such an actor an assassin is not to prejudge the case. Of the facts there is no question. The trial can at the most only reveal what are called extenuating circumstances, and those, as we said last week, can never be rationally held to justify so terrible a deed.

Certainly if public opinion is to suspend judgment in the interest of General Cole, it should equally pause in mercy to the immediate friends and family of Mr. Hiscock. He has been at the same moment charged with a shameful crime and deprived of the power of disproving it; while from the very nature of the case the only person who could certainly know his innocence is declared to be his accuser. Upon his memory, therefore, and upon those nearest to him, falls the punishment, if punishment it be. If wronged, he has been wronged unspeakably. His life and his good name have been sought by the same blow. Let us consider the peculiar hardship of his fate and of those who loved him, and await patiently the trial.

How if it should appear that the bitterness of General Cole sprang from advice given professionally by Mr. Hiscock to Mrs. Cole about the disposal of property which she held in her own right? There can, as we learn, be no doubt that Mrs. Cole openly visited Mr. Hiscock's law-office, to consult upon the will, after the time at which the offense is said to have been committed. If it be added that General Cole was of a jealous disposition, it is plain enough that it is not necessary to suppose the truth of his accusation to account for his fatal act. We hope, for every reason, that there may be no more delay in the trial than is absolutely essential.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The particulars of the murder of Alexander Webb, the colored register for Hale and Green counties, Alabama, was unprovoked and cold-blooded. He had started home after his day's labor had ended, and had met and respectfully bowed to John Orrick, the murderer, who called after him and immediately began firing on him, killing him instantly. Orrick was a "poor white," and his only incentive to the murder was the hostile feeling which has ever existed between the "poor whites" and negroes.

The negroes of Kentucky are petitioning Congress for an extension to them of the suffrage and the right of testifying in courts.

Governor Brownlow has placed General Joseph A. Cooper in command of the Tennessee militia, and says that the term of service of the forces will depend on the conduct of the people of the State.

A full jury of negroes was impanneled in Navasota, Texas, on June 15. Of seven hundred voters registered at the same place four-fifths were negroes.

Ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia, recently made a speech at Milledgeville in which he said that if the State should refuse to vote to hold a Convention, Congress would disfranchise all those who voted against it.

A caucus of the Convention of the Republicans of Virginia met at Richmond on June 11, and a fusion of the "Botts" and "Hunnicut wings" was effected. Judge Underwood gave statistics showing that the strength of the Republican party in Virginia was sufficient to insure victory over all opposing elements.

The Louisiana Republican Convention adjourned *sine die*, on June 15, after adopting a platform demanding for the colored race an equal share in the offices appointed and in the nominations for those elected.

Registration lists in Louisiana show that 21,829 whites and 49,822 blacks had registered under the new laws up to June 14.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Dispatches from Athens, Greece, of June 15, announce the complete defeat of the Turkish army in Candia by the insurgent Christians. This defeat may be identical with that briefly announced some weeks since; in the event of its proving a second disaster to the Turkish arms it will doubtless be followed by an early peace.

June 17 was an exciting day in London. The House of Commons, after a protracted meeting, adopted at a late hour that evening the Government plan for redistributing Parliamentary seats. At the same time a Tory meeting was attacked by a mob of Reformers, who stormed the platform and erected a red flag surmounted by a liberty cap.

The Sultan of Turkey, on June 11, declared Egypt a separate sovereignty.

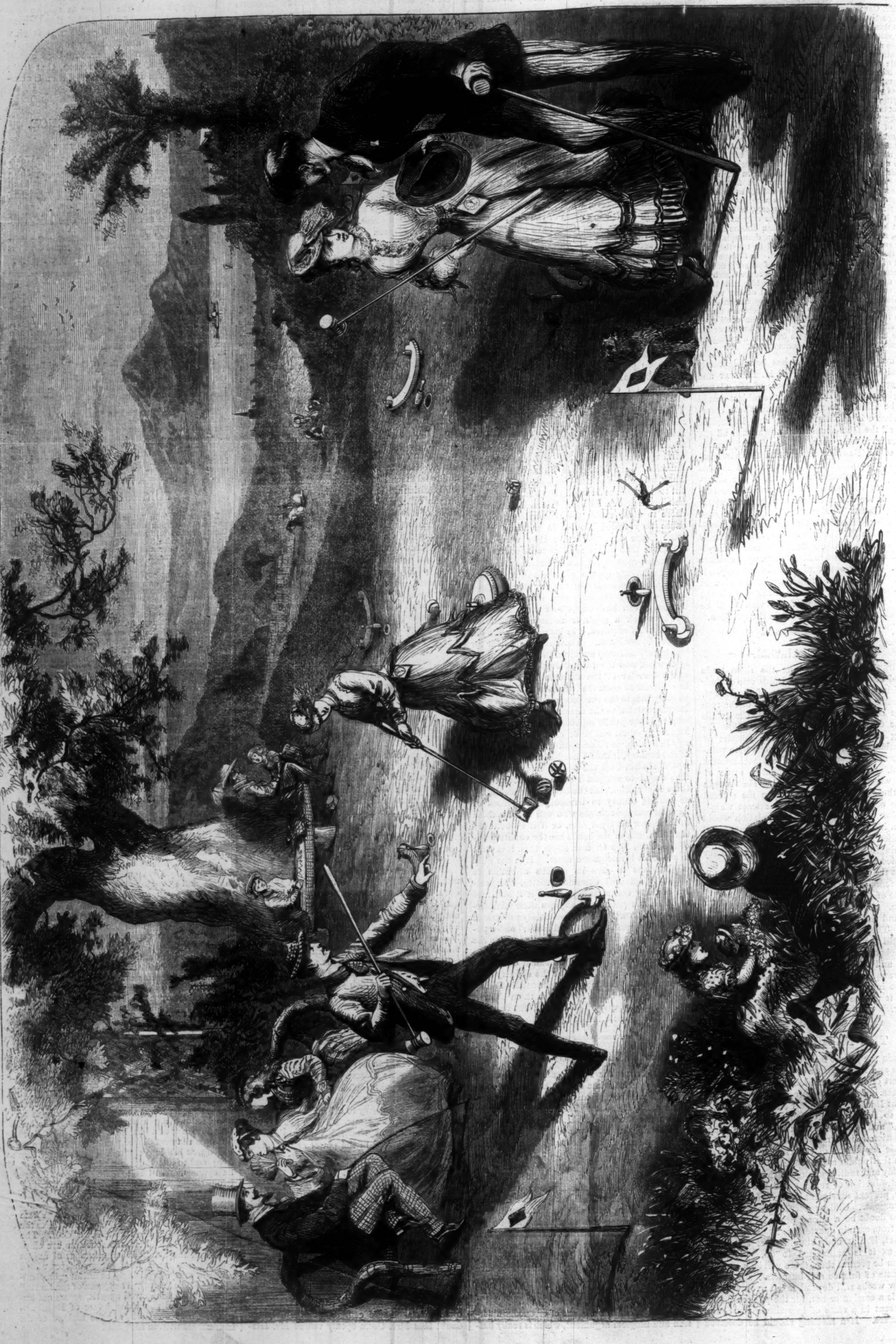
The latest news from Mexico, confirming the story of the fall of Queretaro, declares also that the Imperial army was betrayed by General Lopez, a nephew of Marshal Bazaine. A court-martial to try Maximilian was in session at San Luis Potosi on May 28. Later rumors state that the court sentenced the Emperor to perpetual banishment.

The assumption of the Dictatorship of New Granada by Mosquera has again thrown that unfortunate Republic into convulsions, and on June 2, our latest dates from Panama, two or three distinct rebellions were in progress.

Peru is also convulsed by petty rebellions of discontented Peruvians against the Dictator Prado. The English mail steamer was lately seized by a band of rebels and robbed of her armor of American rifles.

THE NEW GAME OF MARTELLE.

The agreeable game of Croquet, which during the last few summers has become so fashionable a pastime among rural pleasure-seekers, has led to the invention of a new game called "Martelle," which unites those pleasurable conditions of fresh air, grassy lawns, agreeable exercise, and animated contests of skill that characterize Croquet. But it is in many respects an improvement on Croquet, which is sometimes tedious and monotonous, Martelle being more varied in its play than the former game, more ingenious in its combinations, and more rapid in its movements. The players are kept continually on the alert, which is not the case with Croquet, and an interest is excited which soon absorbs and fascinates the players. The appointments are also very elegant. A game of Martelle, set upon the lawn with its gay guidons and its brightly-painted centre-piece, reflectors, and pins, presents a very charming aspect. Of course to the interest of the game is added the relish of out-of-doors, and, possibly the strongest charm of all, the little coquetries and gay flirtations which summer pastimes may innocently include. To describe the game in full is unnecessary. It combines some of the attractive features of billiards, ten-pins, and Croquet. The player enters the game by playing his ball upon the centre-piece, and then upon the pins. If he knocks down a pin he makes five; if his ball falls into a "well" he loses five; if he fails to hit a pin the next player proceeds. To force an opponent's ball into a "well" causes him to lose five; and to knock down a pin by playing upon an opponent's ball is to gain ten. There are two parts—the first called "Making the Course," the other "The Eccentric Stage." In the latter the player can not play upon a pin directly, but must cause an opponent's ball to hit it. These few illustrations show that the game requires the same study of angles that billiards does. The centre-piece is a circle, the reflectors are elliptical, and the almost infinite number of angles which the rebound from these surfaces afford result in many surprisingly beautiful geometrical lines. The title of "The Queen of the Lawn," which has been bestowed upon it, seems not undeserved. The publishing house of Richardson & Co., New York, are the makers of the instruments used in the game.



THE NEW GAME OF MARTELLE—THE "QUEEN OF THE LAWN."—Drawn by A. Lumley.—[See Page 403.]

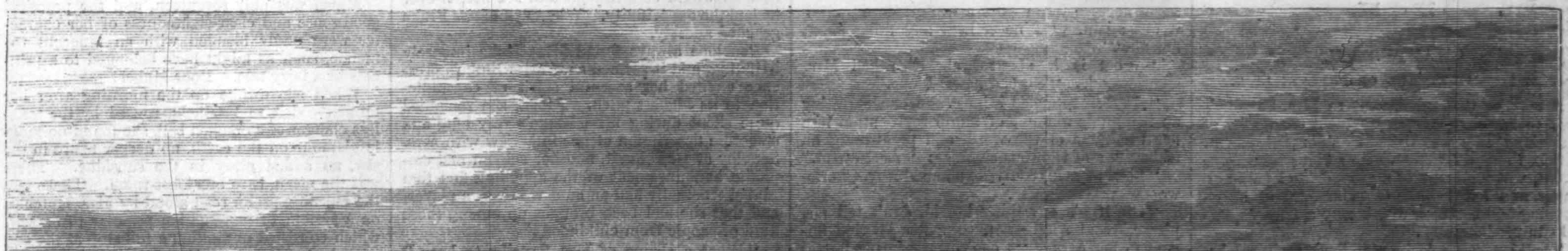
ARAPAHOE INDIANS SMOKING.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

OUR INDIAN WAR SKETCHES.

Our artist-correspondent with General Hancock's command in Kansas and Colorado furnishes us two interesting sketches of life on the border and among the Indians.

"The smoke is to an Indian," writes Mr. Davis, "what drinking appears to be to the rest of creation in these United States. It is a particularly friendly salutation when an Indian invites you to his semicircle to assist in whiffing away at his cherished red bowl. The half-circle is formed from west to east, all faces being turned south. The pipe is lighted by the owner and passed to the person at the east end of the line. He receives the pipe, makes some movements with it peculiar to himself, takes one whiff, which he blows toward the supposed resting-place of the Great Spirit, takes two or three rapid whiffs, which he inhales, and passes the pipe to his neighbor, who at once goes through his peculiar motion or sign, and takes his whiff, when on goes the pipe. Meanwhile the first smoker sits perfectly quiet, a stupid expression pervades his countenance, and the smoke curls slowly from nose and mouth. When the pipe has been whiffed by the last man it is handed back to the eastern end of the semicircle, and the smoking commences again. The lighted pipe must pass in the same direction that the sun passes.

"The pipe is loaded with a fragrant preparation of sumach leaves, willow bark, sage leaf, and to-



THE INDIAN WAR—GENERAL CUSTER'S SCOUTS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

bacco, the whole saturated with some preparation made from the marrow taken from buffalo bones."

GENERAL CUSTER'S SCOUTS AND COURIERS.

"WILL COMSTOCK, the chief, has lived in the Far West for many years, his qualifications as an interpreter and scout are said, by those best qualified to judge, to be unsurpassed by any white man on the plains. He is, moreover, a man of tried bravery and a first-rate shot. COMSTOCK is rather a reticent person, and seldom talks of his exploits. A person not entirely familiar with him would be almost certain to regard him as a man whose early life had been blighted by misfortune. There are few men with more kindly feelings for the human race than this man. He is a Kentuckian by birth, but has no remembrance of the time of his departure from that State. The Indians call him 'Medicine Bill.' The reason for this, COMSTOCK says, is the fact of his having cut off a man's finger after it had been bitten by a rattlesnake. The amputation saved the man's life and gained COMSTOCK a great amount of respect and a title from the Arapahoes.

"ED GUERRIER is a half-breed Cheyenne. His father was a well-known *voyageur*, who for a long time occupied the position of sutler at Fort Laramie. GUERRIER wears the clothes of the whites, speaks pure English, and has no confidence in the Indians. GUERRIER was in the Indian village at Sand Creek at the time of the attack of Colonel CHIVINGTON, November 29, 1864, known as the 'Chivington Massacre.' GUERRIER was educated in the States.

"THOMAS ATKINS was for a long time employed by the freighting firm, RUSSELL, MAJORS, & WADDELL. He is a brave man, and one of the best of the couriers that traverse the dangerous Indian country. KINKADE occupies a similar position.

"These men prefer to ride at night rather than during the day. The Indians, they say, are not usually on the watch at night, and if they are, they have just as good a chance of seeing the Indians as the Indians have of seeing them. ATKINS and KINKADE have both been shot at and chased by Indians during the present campaign, night after night. The position of courier is one of such great danger that few men care to hold it for any length of time. 'Wild Bill' is at present one of General HANCOCK's couriers."

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book II.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORMY PETREL OF PRIVATE LIFE.

A DAY or two subsequent to Mrs. Saxelby's visit to her daughter at Eastfield the family at Bramley Manor was visited by a domestic storm, which, though leading to no serious immediate result, was the cause of a great deal of pain and anger, and left behind it an amount of heart-burning and soreness which only a family quarrel can produce.

The Honorable Arthur Skidley's regiment being ordered away from Hammerham, and that gentleman's consequent departure being imminent, it became necessary for Walter Charlewood to reveal to his father the amount of the debt he had incurred, and to prefer a request for a considerable sum of money. Mr. Charlewood was a very wealthy man, and—as may usually be observed of men whose business renders their income more or less elastic—he spent his wealth with a liberal hand. Among the luxuries he desired for himself and his children, was the society of persons superior by birth or rank to themselves. And he had an unexpressed but decided notion that this, like other good things, was to be attained by a judicious expenditure of cash. Still, the magnitude of the sum he was now called on to advance so far exceeded his estimate of the value received, that he began to discover that the acquaintance of even so dashing and aristocratic a personage as the younger son of Lord Higsworth might be purchased too dearly.

"I won't pay it, Sir," he had said in the first moment of his anger and surprise. "I won't advance a farthing."

"It's a debt of honor, father. I shall be disgraced."

"Then *be* disgraced," Mr. Charlewood had retorted; adding, in the heat of his wrath, a recommendation to his son to be something else also for his folly. But, of course, he knew very well that he must and that he would pay Walter's debts for him. He grumbled to his wife, telling her that Watty's reckless and selfish extravagance was all owing to her weak indulgence. He scolded Augusta into a fit of the sulks when she ventured to ask some question as to the offense her brother had committed; he even snubbed his favorite Penelope, in the extremity of his ill-humor and vexation. In short, for more than a week, black looks and sharp speeches were very rife in Bramley Manor; and Walter—his jaunty self-confidence utterly subdued for once—sneaked about the house like a whipped school-boy, avoiding his father's eye, and creeping surreptitiously at unaccustomed hours into his mother's boudoir to be petted and consoled, and to have the ruffled plumes of his self-love gently smoothed by caressing fingers.

It was a peculiarity of Miss Fluke that she invariably appeared among her friends whenever foul weather seemed to be imminent in the domestic sky: scenting the approach of tempest by some fine instinct, and hovering over the angry billows like a stormy petrel.

Miss Fluke came to Bramley Manor, and had not been closeted ten minutes with Mrs. Charlewood before the latter had revealed to her, with many lamentations and considerable use of her pocket-handkerchief, the story of Walter's troubles, and his father's stern displeasure.

"Charlewood was 'arsh, I consider. Very 'arsh. Of course I know Watty ought to have spoken sooner. But law, there! Who can wonder? Young men will be young men; and Watty has never been accustomed to think any thing about money. 'Owever, 'is father 'as paid the debt, and I suppose he'll come round in time. A 'undred or two. Nothing to Charlewood. He'll never miss 'em."

Miss Fluke shook her head with much severity.

"*Dear* Mrs. Charlewood," she said, "ought we not to look upon this in the light of a judgment?"

"A judgment! Goodness me, Miss Fluke!"

"Yes; it shows what comes of worldliness, and pleasure-seeking, and the society of the ungodly. I have a very interesting little tract here, which is full of precious experiences. Do you think Walter would read it if I left it for him?"

"I—don't—know," said Mrs. Charlewood, doubtfully.

"Well, there it is, at all events. I'll put it on your table. The incidents relate to a little boy of five years old (the child of a drunken cobbler), who got conversion and became quite a little saint on earth. It is called The Little Soul's Punctuation, or A Full-Stop for Small Sinners. It applies very well indeed to Walter's case, and would do him great good if he'd be persuaded to read it in a proper spirit."

"Thank you, Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with a shade of offense in her manner, "but I think you make rather too much of Watty's little error. He has a lively disposition, has Watty. Quite lively. 'Igh his spirit may be, and 'aughty. But his 'art is right."

To do Miss Fluke justice, she was no respecter of persons, and had no more idea of sparing the rich Mrs. Charlewood than the poorest inhabitant of her father's parish. She therefore at once opened fire, bringing all her big guns to bear on her hostess, and sending such a broadside of texts about her ears, that poor Mrs. Charlewood's round red cheeks grew pale as she listened, and she was thankful when Augusta's entrance into the room created a diversion.

"*Have* you heard," said Miss Fluke, turning to Augusta with a sudden pouncing movement, "*have* you heard about Mabel Earnshaw?" Miss Fluke's eyes were opened to their full extent, and she glared ominously, first at Mrs. Charlewood and then at her daughter.

"No," replied Augusta, languidly sticking a needle into some wool-work, and apparently finding it necessary to repose a while before pulling it out again. "I never hear any thing about her now."

"What is it about Mabel?" asked Mrs. Charlewood. "No bad news, I 'ope."

"*Awful*," returned Miss Fluke, concentrating an incredible amount of moral reprobation into her utterance of the word, and performing an elaborate and vigorous shudder: "*most* awful."

"Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood.

"Oh, if it's any thing horrid, don't tell *me*, please," said Augusta, putting her jeweled fingers in her ears. "I can't bear hearing horrid things."

"'As any accident 'appened?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Unless a merciful Providence turns her heart, Mabel Earnshaw is going to perdition headlong," was Miss Fluke's alarming reply. To go headlong to perdition did not, however, appear to belong, in Miss Augusta's estimation, to the category of "horrid things." She immediately took her fingers out of her ears, and prepared herself to listen with composure.

"Dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with her hand on her side, "I declare you've given me quite a turn. Well, there! I should be awfully sorry if any 'arm 'appened to Mabel Earnshaw. She used to be a great favorite of mine; and I can't abear to drop folks, and turn my back on 'em so coolly as some people."

Augusta faintly raised her handsome eyebrows, and tossed her head, but took no further notice of her mother's implied rebuke.

"Well," said Miss Fluke, "I have to tell you what you'll hardly credit, but what is true. Mabel Earnshaw is going—" Here Miss Fluke suddenly changed her tone, and uttered the three last words of her speech very rapidly in a loud, distinct whisper, "going—ON THE STAGE."

Then she sat back in her chair, and contemplated her hearers, with her arms folded tightly across her breast.

"No?" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. Miss Fluke made no verbal reply, but nodded five or six times with extraordinary vehemence.

"How absurd!" said Miss Augusta. "But I don't know that I'm very much surprised. Mabel was getting queerer and queerer lately, and besides, you know, she never *was* quite like other people."

"Dear me! How I should like to have known her, whoever she was," cried Penelope, appearing at the door, attired for walking, and accompanied by her brother Walter. "How d'ye do, Miss Fluke? Do tell me, Gussy, who was that delightful individual who 'never was quite like other people.' She—I think I heard you say *she*—must have been a refreshing creature."

"Oh, I dare say *you*'ll think her latest craze all right and charming. Very likely. I was speaking of Mabel Earnshaw, and she's going on the stage; that's all," rejoined Augusta, coolly.

"What!" cried Miss Charlewood, fairly startled, for the instant, out of her self-possession (a rare circumstance with her), and dropping into a chair. "Mabel going on the stage! I don't believe it."

"I grieve to assure you that it is too, too, too, too true," said Miss Fluke. "I know it for a fact, on the best authority."

"Oh, that of course," replied Penelope, with very unceremonious brusquerie. "People always know things on the best authority. But who told you?"

"Well, Miss Charlewood, *since* you ask me, I am bound to tell you that it was—her own mother!" Miss Fluke brought out this last revelation as if it were the crowning horror of the business.

"I wonder why in the world Mrs. Saxelby should have thought of telling *you* such a thing?" said Penelope.

The speech was not a polite one; but Miss Fluke was quite impervious to its discourtesy.

"The fact is," she replied, looking round with severe gravity upon her auditors, "I asked her."

Miss Fluke *had* asked Mrs. Saxelby as to her daughter's intention of becoming an actress, and had, moreover, made a pilgrimage to Hazlehurst for the express purpose of so doing. Mrs. Hutchins, by dint of prying and listening to her lodgers' conversation, had arrived at some suspicion of the truth. She had discovered from Corda that Miss Earnshaw had relatives on the stage. She had concluded at once that the letter with the Eastfield post-mark, addressed to Mr. Trescott, was from Miss Earnshaw. And partly for the gratification of her own curiosity, and partly to curry favor with Miss Fluke, had revealed to that lady most of what she knew and guessed.

Miss Fluke's account of Mrs. Saxelby's full admission of her daughter's intention filled the Charlewoods with surprise: though each member of the family received the news in a different manner, according to his or her peculiar character. Mrs. Charlewood, as became a devout Flukeite, expressed much grief and horror; though the real, kind motherly heart of the woman occasionally asserted itself in such exclamations as, "Well, I do 'ope Mabel may think better of it in time, and find a good 'usband to take care of her!" or, "There! I don't know whether it's wicked, but I can't 'elp wishing her success. 'Eaven forgive me!" Augusta professed languidly that, though of course it was very shocking, she for her part was not so much astonished as the rest, and that she had long been of opinion that such outrageous and improper conduct must be the natural result of strong-mindedness, and the setting up of one's own judgment against that of the people whose legitimate business it was to do all the thinking. Walter shrugged his shoulders at his sister, and lounging out of the room, opined that Miss Earnshaw would make a "stunning actress," and that he would certainly go and see her, if ever he had the opportunity. Whereupon Miss Fluke groaned audibly.

Penelope always found Miss Fluke intensely irritating, and it seemed as if Miss Fluke's presence excited her scornful spirit of contradiction to its highest pitch. Albeit, she remained quite silent during Miss Fluke's very long and elaborate description of her interview with Mrs. Saxelby at Hazlehurst, and her solemn and emphatic announcement of the appalling fact that Mabel "actually had an aunt who was a player, and that she had been brought up among those kind of people from childhood!"

"What a shame of Mrs. Saxelby to keep it so quiet! She never used to say a word about her family," exclaimed Augusta. "I call it getting into people's houses on false pretenses."

Penelope turned on her sister with a sudden flash that was like the dart of a panther. "Mrs. Saxelby would probably have had no objection to speak of the position of her family connections, Augusta, had she not thought it might have seemed like boasting to us."

"Boasting?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Saxelby was always very nice and good-natured; but she knew perfectly well that our revered grandfather had carried a hod."

Augusta colored high with spite and vexation.

"Really, Penny," she said, flouncing up from her chair, "you are too absurd. Comparing *us* with— I won't stay to hear such things said!" Miss Augusta's rich silk dress trailed and rustled out of the room.

"Umph!" said Penelope, contemplatively leaning her chin on her hand. "How queer it all is, ain't it? Augusta is haughty enough for a duchess, and handsome enough for two duchesses. I'd back her for beauty and impertinence against Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself. And yet, you know, our grandfather *did* carry a hod, Miss Fluke!"

At dinner that evening none of the family alluded to the news. The cloud had not yet sufficiently cleared from Mr. Charlewood's brow to make his wife and children as much at their ease in his presence as formerly; and what little conversation passed between them was carried on almost in whispers. Clement, too, looked ill and anxious; and Penelope wondered in her own mind, as she observed his pale face and abstracted manner, whether he had heard of Mabel's design, and whether his dejection might not possibly be traceable to his knowledge of it. "I can't quite make Clement out," said Miss Charlewood to herself, as she watched her brother across the dinner-table. "At one time I thought it was a mere passing fancy that would die a natural death very comfortably; but now—I don't know—I'm afraid there's something more in it. Poor dear old Clem!"

If Penelope Charlewood had what is called a soft place in her heart at all, it was occupied by her brother Clement. Later in the evening, when tea was brought into the drawing-room, and he had seated himself apart from the rest in a secluded corner of the large room, with a book in his hand, Penelope brought him a cup of tea, and then seating herself beside him, said, in a low voice:

"We have heard some odd news to-day, Clem. Perhaps you know it already. Mabel Earnshaw is going on the stage."

Clement looked up, and the color mounted to his brow, as he asked, sharply:

"Who says so?"

"Miss Fluke says so. She came here to-day, fully primed and loaded with the tidings."

"Confound that woman! She is the most intolerable and meddlesome fool in Hammerham. I wish to God some man would marry her and take her away!"

"Oh, Clem!" cried his sister. "What an awful wish against some man! But is it true about Mabel?"

"I wish with all my soul I could say no, Penny. But I by no means tell you that is a certain fact. Will you, to oblige me, refrain from repeating this tattle—at all events until it is confirmed past doubt."

For once in her life Penelope checked the sharp speech that rose to the tip of her tongue. Clement's earnest, pleading look went to her heart, and called up a remembrance of some childish trouble they had shared and surmounted together. She gave him her hand, and watched him, as he left the room, with eyes that were veiled with unaccustomed moisture.

"Poor Clem! Poor dear old boy! He is the very best fellow in all the world; and if it could make him happy, I almost wish—"

What Miss Charlewood almost wished she did not distinctly tell herself on that occasion, for she brought her meditations to an abrupt termination with an impatient shake of her head; and opening the piano rattled off a brilliant set of variations with a clear metallic touch and a rapid finger.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLEMENT COMES FOR HIS ANSWER.

A FIRST declaration of love! Whenever Mabel had indulged in day-dreams it had always seemed to her that the first utterance of words of love in her ear must surely fill the whole world with a sort of glamour; that some mysterious and delightful revolution would take place in her being; and that, as the poets sing, the sky would appear bluer, the sun brighter, and all the world more beautiful.

These marvels were to come to pass, of course, on the hypothesis that she too would love, and that her maiden affection, lying coyly within her heart of hearts, like a shut lily, would give forth all its hidden sweetness at the warm pleading of the beloved one, even as a bud is wooed by the sunbeams into a perfect flower.

Mabel was only seventeen, and the practical good sense and clear-sightedness of her character were oddly blended with an innocent romance, such as might have belonged to a princess in a fairy tale. Poor Mabel!

When she awoke on the morning after her mother's visit to Eastfield, roused by the toneless clangor of a cracked bell, she found no magic glamour on the earth, no deeper azure in the sky, no added glory in the sunshine. There was the mean, bare breakfast-room. There was the morning psalm read aloud by Mrs. Hatchett on a system of punctuation peculiar to herself, which consisted in making a full stop at the end of each verse, whatever its sense might be. There was Miss Dobbin; there was the ugly Swiss governess; there was the same old dreary round to toil through that there had been yesterday and that there would be to-morrow.

Stay though! Not quite the same, for to-day was Sunday, and though Mabel had to accompany the children to church in the morning and afternoon, the evening hours would be her own. None but those who have been subjected, perforce, to the close companionship of utterly uncongenial minds, can conceive the sense of positive refreshment that fell upon Mabel when she found herself alone: alone and unmolested, in her bedroom, with two clear hours before her to employ as she would.

"Is it all real?" she said to herself, as she sat down on her bed in the chill garret, with a shawl wrapped round her. "*Is* it real? I must think."

Her interview with Clement had been so strange and hurried, his declaration so unexpected, and her own agitation so excessive, that at first she had only felt stunned and bewildered, and, as she had told Clement, "very sorry." But by degrees a clear remembrance of what had passed came into her mind. His look, his words, the touch of his hand—she recalled them all vividly.

"He said, 'I love you. I love you with my whole heart!'"

She whispered the words in the silence of the room; but, softly as she breathed them out, their sound made the eloquent blood rise in her cheek, and she put her hands before her face, as though there were a prying witness present.

If she believed Clement's words she owed it to him to examine her own heart and give him the innermost truth that it contained. But to find that truth! Ah, that was difficult! How different it all was from any love-story she had ever pictured to herself!

Suddenly a thought pierced her heart like a swift sharp knife. What would Mr. Charlewood say? What would Penelope say? They would accuse her of having sought Clement, or laid traps for him, or of stooping to scheme and plot for the honor of an alliance with the Charlewood family. Mabel sprang to her feet and paced up and down the room.

"I will go to my own people. I will follow my own path. I will show that I can reject vulgar wealth, and despise vulgar pride. There is a world outside their narrow limits—a world of art and poetry and imagination, which they can none of them conceive or comprehend. *He* is good and kind, but he can not understand me." The hot tears were streaming unchecked down her face. "I do not love him. I am sure now

that I do not love him. I will work and strive for mamma and Dooley; and, if I fail, they will not love me the less."

Penelope had been thoroughly right in her judgment when she counseled her father to rely on Mabel Earnshaw's pride as his surest ally.

Mabel stopped at length in her restless pacing, and going to her trunk unlocked it and drew forth the dingy, battered, p ecious little Shakspeare.

At first she could scarcely fix her attention on the words before her. But soon the spell mastered her. She yielded herself up to it with all the enthusiasm of a nature peculiarly susceptible of such influences. And the spirit of poetry bore her up on its strong wings, above the dust and clash and turmoil of this work-a-day world. She came back with a mind refreshed and strengthened, as a healthy intellect must ever be by the legitimate exercise of its imaginative faculties, and with a spirit calmed and braced. She wrote to her Aunt Mary, and dispatched the letter to the care of the person mentioned by Mr. Trescott, and then waited with what patience she might for the result.

A week, which seemed to Clement the longest he had ever passed in his life, went by before he was able to return to Eastfield. But at length one morning Mabel was summoned from her post beside the jingling, superannuated piano-forte, to Mrs. Hatchett's private parlor. She knew perfectly well who had come to speak with her; and though she had been preparing herself for the interview, and had conjured up a hundred times in her own mind the words that she would say, yet she felt as she approached the parlor that her thoughts were scattered, and that her spirits were as much agitated as on that memorable night.

"Come in, Miss Earnshaw, if you please. Here is a gentleman who desires to speak with you."

Mrs. Hatchett waved her hand toward Clement Charlewood, who stood beside the fire-place.

Mabel was white, but betrayed no other sign of emotion, and greeted Clement quietly.

"Mr. Charlewood," continued Mrs. Hatchett, referring ostentatiously to a card she held in her hand, "tells me that he is an old friend of your family. I have told him that as a general rule I do not approve of young persons in my employ receiving visits from gentlemen. However, in this case—" Mrs. Hatchett finished her speech by a dignified inclination of the head, and walked slowly out of the room. The good lady was, in fact, considerably impressed by Mabel's receiving a visit from a member of the rich Charlewood family.

Mabel sat down by the round centre-table covered with tawdry books, and Clement remained standing opposite to her. For a minute or two neither spoke. At length Mabel said: "Have you been to Hazlehurst lately, Mr. Charlewood? Have you seen mamma and Julian?"

"No. Had I gone to Hazlehurst I could not have refrained from speaking of—of you, and until I had seen you again I resolved to keep my secret in my own heart."

There was silence again for a space.

"I have come for my answer, Mabel. But before you give it to me let me repeat my solemn promise to be your friend through all chances and changes. It may be that I shall never have the power to serve you, but at least believe that I shall ever have the will."

She raised her head and thanked him by a look.

"Tell me, Mabel, that you have thought of the words I said to you that night."

"I have thought of them; and I wish to answer them kindly and—and gratefully. I know I ought to be grateful for such words, so spoken. But I can not answer them as you would have me."

"There is no question of gratitude, Mabel. Why should you be grateful to me? I could not help loving you."

"Mr. Charlewood, I am very sorry."

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" cried the young man, passionately, "you can not know how it cuts me to the heart to hear you say so! Mabel, dear Mabel! I know that in many ways I am not worthy of you, but I believe that I could make you happy if you could bring yourself to love and trust me. I spoke too suddenly the other night, but I was hurried away by the thought of losing you, and by the prospect of your going away to embrace the career you contemplate. I knew for the first time how dear you were to me by the pang of my heart when your mother told me of your project. Let me save you from it, Mabel, my beloved!"

He had taken her hand, which she had suffered to lie unresistingly in his; but at his last words she withdrew it, and looked up at him.

"Save me, Mr. Charlewood? I do not understand you."

"Forgive me, Mabel, if I offend you; but this is too serious a matter for polite commonplaces that mean nothing. God knows I am actuated by no selfish motive; if I knew I never were to see your dear face again I would still urge you to abandon this scheme."

"And I would still reply that on this matter your mind and mine are as far asunder as the poles. We can not see it in the same light, Mr. Charlewood. How should you, who have been born and educated in the midst of Hammerham millionaires, be able to conceive the true life of an artist? Pardon me; but you have rightly said this is not a matter for polite commonplaces."

Clement had fallen back a pace or two, and stood regarding her with a look of pained surprise.

"Mabel, you are angry, and your anger makes you a little unjust, I think."

"I am not doing injustice to your motive," she answered, quietly. "I know you speak the truth exactly as you see it and in all singleness of mind; but do you not perceive how impossible it would be for us ever to agree on this matter?"

"Be my wife, Mabel, and the question will be set at rest forever."

"That question; yes, perhaps," she answered, with a vivid blush; "but there would be a thousand other questions on which we should be at issue. And then your family—"

"My family?"

"Yes; do you think they would be willing to receive a penniless teacher out of Mrs. Hatchett's school, and welcome her as your bride?"

Clement's face brightened suddenly.

"Is it possible that you have been allowing such a thought to weigh with you? My child, you would not surely sacrifice my happiness, and perhaps your own, to a foolish pride? You *are* proud, Mabel—very proud. I did not know it till to-day; but if the thought of what my family might say is troubling you—"

"It is not at all troubling me."

"Well—if it is present to your mind—dismiss it. My people love you very much, Mabel; but even though it were otherwise, I say, not only that I do not think you ought to heed their disapproval, but that I am very sure you ought not to do so. If that is the only obstacle—"

"No, Mr. Charlewood, that is not the only obstacle. I—do not love you."

"Mabel!"

"Hear me out. I have thought of the words you said to me very deeply. I have tried to find the truth of my own heart. It was due to you that I should so try. I have told myself that if I loved you—loved you with such love as a girl should bear toward her future husband—surely I should be willing and happy to give up all other plans and projects for your sake. You would be the dearest thing on earth to me. Well! That is not so. I love my mother and my brother better. I love my own people who were good to us when we were helpless and desolate better. I love my plans and dreams, the path that I can cleave for myself, the chances of it, the hopes of it, the risks of it, if you will—I love all these, with independence and freedom, better than I love you. You, who are true and good, will not tell me that I ought, so feeling, to accept your love."

She had spoken rapidly in her excitement, and now paused, almost breathless, with her flushed face raised to his, and her clear, childlike eyes bright with latent tears.

He looked at her for a moment, and then, turning away, dropped his face upon his hands and leaned against the mantle-piece. When he raised his head after a while he was deadly pale, and his face wore a look of suffering that touched Mabel's heart.

"I am trying to do right," she said, in a softer voice. "I am grieved, sorely grieved, if I give you pain."

"*If* you give me pain! No matter, Mabel; no matter for my pain; but can nothing turn you from this accursed project? Good God! it drives me almost mad to think of your leaving home, friends, every thing, to cast in your lot with a set of strolling players."

The change in her countenance as he said the words was as though a mask of stone had been placed over it.

"I think you forget, Mr. Charlewood, that you are speaking of my father's nearest and dearest relatives. It is useless to prolong this interview. We only drift further and further asunder. Good-by, Mr. Charlewood! Forgive me, if you can, for the sorrow I have innocently caused you. You will forget it—and me."

She held out her hand, but he did not take it.

"Are you so obdurate? Must we part so, Mabel?"

"It is better. Some day—years hence, perhaps—we may meet as friends. I shall always be grateful for your goodness to us. Good-by. God bless you!"

She still held out her hand, but he did not seem to see or heed it. In another moment the door was gently closed, and she was gone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE excursion season has fully come. The hot days bring a longing for green trees and flowers—for refreshing breezes from sea and river—for something in the way of scenery unlike the stone and brick of the city. There are many short trips from New York which are delightful. One of the pleasantest is to West Point. You can go by the cars if you please; but at this season the boats are most popular. There are many commodious steamers, which leave at different hours during the day; but if you desire to start in the morning there are steamboats which leave Desbrosses Street at half past eight, and touch at Thirty-fourth Street at a quarter before nine to take in passengers. The latter pier will be found more convenient for up-town people. The green cars which run from the eastern part of the city, through Fourteenth Street, by a circuitous route to Weehawken Ferry, will leave you at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Tenth Avenue; and then, we are sorry to say, a very disagreeable walk must be taken before you can reach the pier. It is a great pity that the beginning and ending of so many steamboat excursions is rendered uncomfortable by the necessity which now exists of passing through a dirty street without a side-walk, and often almost impassable, before the boat can be reached. But so it is; and with a long sigh of relief, especially if you have undertaken to pilot Miss Susie and Master Willie, you come at length to the landing. Here, while watching for the boat, you will be offered, for the moderate sum of fifty cents, a ten-year-old "Guide to the Hudson River," the date of publication being carefully erased. You will do well to postpone purchasing, as "Guides" of more modern date will be found on board.

Presently, following the crowd, you find yourself on deck, comfortably seated, and watching in a dreamy sort of way the beautiful panorama, which is swiftly passing on either side. We are not going to enlarge upon the magnificent scenery by the way, nor yet upon West Point, with its brave cadets and fair ladies, its fashion and flirting, its drills and dinners, its hops and hotels; in order to appreciate each one must go and see for himself. If you take this excursion for the sake of the sail and the scenery, you will not be disturbed to learn that the afternoon boat, returning to New York, touches at West Point at half-past two. But if you want to know something of West Point life, to witness the customary drill or parade, to visit the Military Academy, to see the ruins of Fort Putnam, etc., a couple of hours will surely not give the time. You must delay until evening and return by cars; or, better still, remain over night, and then you need not lose the sail down the river next day.

Now that the warm season is fairly upon us can not some official measures be taken to thoroughly cleanse the city cars? Many of them are in an exceedingly filthy state. The cushions, full of dust, and often of vermin, should be removed, and some cleaner, cooler seat be substituted. If cars were thoroughly washed every night the health and comfort of passengers would be greatly promoted. Moreover, if "smokers" were so located that the fumes of their cigars or pipes might not drift through the cars, into the very faces of the occupants, it would be an improvement. It is an intolerable nuisance to be compelled to breathe the sickening smoke of poor tobacco during a tedious car ride because "smoking is allowed on the front platform." A man may enjoy a cigar, but is that any reason why he should convert his mouth into a perpetual Vesuvius? Can't he close up the crater for a few moments for the comfort of the human race generally?

A new mode of operation has been adopted by a certain class of thieves, against which ladies should be on their guard. The scoundrel, who thinks himself skillful enough, lurks around a street-corner until he sees a lady approaching with a pocket-book in her hand. He then walks briskly toward his victim, seizes the plunder, and darts down a by-street before she recovers from her amazement. Several cases of this kind have recently occurred.

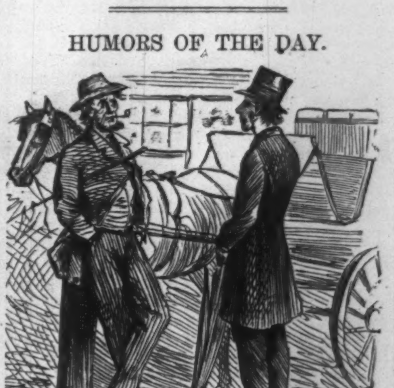
Those who live in airy houses little realize what multitudes in our city swarm in small, ill-ventilated rooms. From a long article which recently appeared in one of our daily papers, we make one or two brief extracts, which will give an imperfect idea of the horrors of some tenements. The following is a partial description of an entire block of buildings in Forty-second Street, west of Eleventh Avenue: The base of the cellar-floors was found to be an indescribable quagmire of filth, which oozed up between the boards as the visitors passed through. The ceilings are on a level with the street and scarcely more than six feet high. The stench was intolerable, and when the floor was raised became sickening. A man who had sounded this mass of liquid filth in one of the cellars said that it was eighteen inches deep. A stream of filthy water trickled through the ceiling, and the walls were moist with water that the waste-pipes failed to carry away.

In "Rotten Row," as it is called, there was a cellar which had neither inlet nor outlet except the door which shut level with the pavement, but within which a woman was sewing by the dim light, while two children were playing about the place. The woman generally was out at work during the day, but this was a sort of holiday, and she was keeping it with the children. When she leaves home to work she shuts the cellar-door, locks the youngsters in, and has the satisfaction of knowing that she will find them there when she comes home.

In Cherry Street is a tenement house, said to be the largest in the city. It occupies a lot about 36×100 feet upon the ground, is six stories high, and is calculated to accommodate 120 families. How many *are* accommodated is uncertain. The rooms are about 10×14 feet in size, with a closet, which is called by a stretch of counting a bedroom, accompanying. These apartments are supposed to be capable of accommodating one family in a manner bordering upon luxury; but many of them, the tenants declared, had two or three families in each room.

The latest wonder is the photographing of a flash of lightning. During a recent midnight storm an artist of this city placed his camera in a window, and having "focused" by means of a distant street lamp he put his prepared glass in the box, and fortunately waited but an instant for a vivid flash; before the thunder broke his box was closed and his prize secured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



SABBATARIAN (*to driver of Sunday hack*). "But if you don't keep the Sabbath, my friend, you don't keep the Law—and then what *do* you keep?"

HACK DRIVER. "A wife and seven little 'uns."

An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman—the waiter, per force, on the aforesaid animal.

THE BEST "LADIES' COMPANION"—Her husband.

One charge in a lawyer's bill against a client was, "For waking up and thinking of your business, $5."

A TASTELESS FRUIT—The apple of the eye.

How did Noah preserve honey-bees during the flood?—In the ark-hives of the old world, of course.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

THE BRIDAL.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
  As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
  As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quietly to save his fright,
  Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
  To think that he was not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
  And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
  Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words that we said,
  Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
  While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down,
  From the first to the lowermost story;
And we never have heard or seen the poor man
  Whom we left alone in his glory.

A country apothecary was observed by a friend to be in the habit of draining all medicine vials returned to him by patients into one large bottle which stood upon his counter. Wondering what could be his object in accumulating this strange mixture, the friend one day interrogated him on the point. "Surely," he said, "you can have no use for a mess like that." "My dear fellow," replied the apothecary, "that is the most scientific medicine I've got in my shop. Simple medicines are very well for simple complaints; but that's the stuff for a patient with a complication of disorders."

The reason women never stammer is because they talk so fast a stammer has no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about any thing?

A Berkshire grave-yard has this epitaph: "Here lies the body of Mary Hawley, who died of severe Providence and cholera morbus."

WISDOM.

BY A COMMONPLACE PHILOSOPHER.

Some thoughts can never bear fruit in action. You can not, for instance, raise cucumbers in a frame of mind.

In spite of the assertions of human pride, the operations of science are limited. The electric telegraph, that triumph of science, can not communicate ordinary intelligence to a fool.

Use is indeed second nature. The rattle of a thousand trains fails to awaken the confirmed railway-sleeper.

With some minds logic is utterly powerless. The delicate point of an argument will fail to pick a periwinkle out of its shell.

THE DILIGENT WOMAN.

She riseth in the morning betimes, and as the lark singeth to his mate, so she maketh a joyful noise in all her house.

She maketh up her bed, and beateth the pillows thereof; and like as an eagle stirreth up her nest, so she stirreth up the feathers, and spreadeth out the sheets, and layeth the blankets apart.

She layeth her hand to the wash-tub, rubbeth upon the board, making clean the fine linen; her hands take fast hold of the wringer, and by turning the crank the water thereof is pressed out.

She clotheth her family with pure garments, when she has made them smooth with a hot iron, and by reason thereof her husband is made comely when he sitteth among the chief men, or walketh in the market-places.

She kneadeth up her dough and baketh a goodly cake for her household, and to every one she giveth a piece of bread and butter of kine.

She provideth her dinner in due season, and supper faileth not when the good man returneth at the end of the day, weary with his labors and the strife of men.

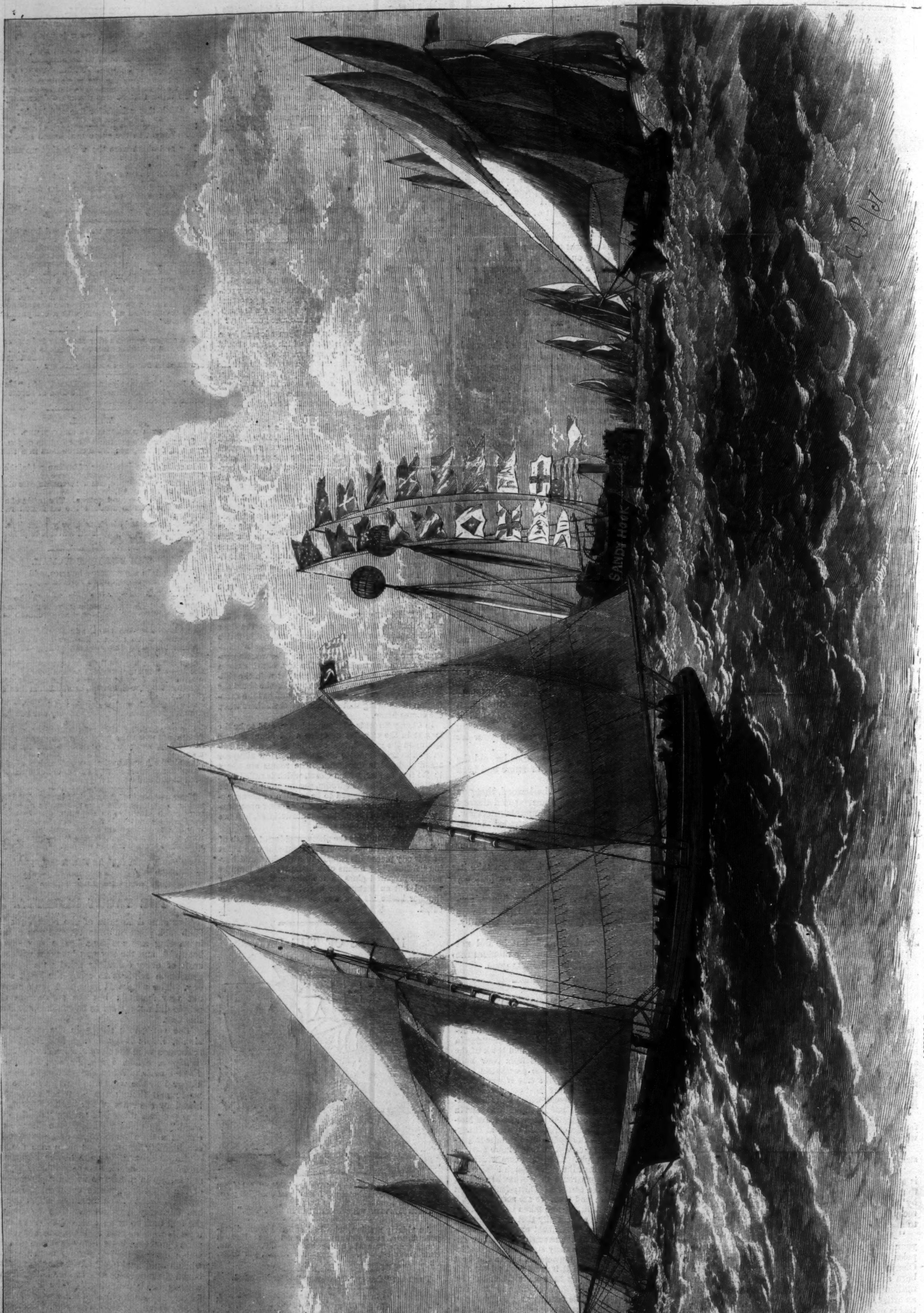
She looketh well to the ways of her household, and scorneth the idle woman, with her delicate hands, who lieth in bed and calleth a servant.

NEWS FROM THE GAL-LEYS.—It is stated that six female compositors, with blue ribbons in their hair, attract much attention in Dupont's printing-office, at the Paris Exhibition. We suspect they do less in the way of composing than of decomposing the visitors, who, we understand, do all the "making up," though with what success we can not say. Of course the admirers of these fair "typos" can not complain if the latter "cast them off," for that is simply in the way of business.

THE YACHT REGATTA.

THE annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on June 13, and was unusually interesting and exciting. The day was very beautiful, and the bay was crowded with sailing craft of every character filled with ladies and gentlemen anxious to enjoy the sport and the day. The wind was light, and the contest was not very spirited; but the enthusiasm of the people did not appear to be much diminished by this fact.

The contesting sloops in the race were the *Annie*, *White Wing*, *Evelyn*, and *Nautilus*; the schooners were the *Magic*, *Phantom*, *Dauntless*, *Widgeon*, *Silvie*, *Vesta*, *Palmer*, *Rambler*, and *Fleur de Lis*. When the start was made in the Upper Bay the wind was light from the south-west; and though the boats set every sail allowed by the rules of the Club, they made but slow progress while thus sailing "dead to wind-ward." In passing through the Narrows they caught a little more wind, and the speed was considerably improved as were also the spirits of the yachtsmen. In the Lower Bay the wind freshened and the schooners overhauled the sloops, and all ran in a heap to within a short distance of the Light-ship, where occurred the most interesting scene of the race, and which our artist has faithfully reproduced. The *Phantom* was the first boat to turn; as she did so her two gaff-topsails were dowsed and immediately set again upon the other side—a neatly-executed manœuvre which drew deafening shrieks from the steam-whistles and loud cheers from the "old salts" on board the numerous boats which had gathered to witness the "rounding." The *Phantom* was followed by the *Magic*, *Palmer*, *Dauntless*, *Annie*, *White Wing*, *Rambler*, *Nautilus*, *Voorhies*, *Evelyn*, *Silvie*, *Widgeon*, *Clytie*, *Psyche*, and *Vesta*, and the *Fleur de Lis*. The "home stretch" was slow and uninteresting, the arrival at the stake-boat being quite tame. The *Phantom* was the first to get in, and was declared the winning schooner. Her actual time out was 5h. 40m. The *Evelyn* was the winner of the sloops; her actual time was 6h. 45m. 50s.



ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—Sketched by C. Parsons.—[See Page 407.]

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE—April 19, 1775.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See the Poem, Page 410.]

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

From Ticknor & Fields's Edition.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, *June* 10.

DEAR WEEKLY,—According to your orders I last week accompanied the President and his party on his last monumental excursion down here to Raleigh. We left Richmond rather early in the morning, about 3 o'clock, in the midst of a rain. The President told me he expected to hear of a rising among the people when they heard along the route how early he and Mr. SEWARD had risen. "Mr. SEWARD rose from a sleeping-car," remarked the President to me, "and I rose from a constable in Tennessee," which little joke put us all in a good-humor. We were driven along in the rain until we arrived at Petersburg to breakfast. "This Presidential *reign*," remarked Mr. SEWARD, laughingly, "gives me a good appetite." This pun of the Secretary's was greatly enjoyed by Colonel SEWARD and Postmaster-General RANDALL. The Postmaster-General remarking at the time, that if Mr. DEFREES had been along he would have had twenty thousand of it struck off for circulation among the Southern people, as much as any thing to counteract the lugubrious effects of BILL KELLEY's speeches.

At Petersburg the President was welcomed by a speech from the Mayor, in which he said, "This is not the first time we have given a warm reception to representatives of the United States Government." The President said he remembered the event referred to, but let that pass. General BURNSIDE is now in Congress. [Great cheering.]

Soon after leaving Petersburg the train was stopped by a drove of cattle, when the President coming to the rear platform, the confused cattle rushed toward him in such a wild manner that at one time it was feared that our

"MOSES" AMONG THE BULL RUSHES

would meet with his end, but happily the starting of the train relieved our anxieties.

Crossing the Roanoke, near the spot where JOHN SMITH came near getting POCAHONTAS's head knocked off, I called the attention of the President to the incident. He quickly replied, "Ah, if POWHATAN had been my friend RANDALL here, he would have taken SMITH's *head off* any how, particularly if he didn't run with his 'Wigwam!'" This set Mr. SEWARD off a-laughing most immoderately. He told me confidentially afterward that this was the best thing the President ever got off.

When we arrived at Weldon the President was taken in hand by Secretary BATTLE of North Carolina. The announcement of this gentleman's name was a signal for the Secretary of State to get off one of his little jokes. He went in thus: "Mr. BATTLE, I introduce to you the President of the United States; he has fought the Radical Congress in behalf of the South, and has now come down here to *do* 'BATTLE' on *his* native soil!" [Vociferous applause, and cries of "Good! Good!" by the reporters.]

Mr. BATTLE, in reply, said: "We welcome you back to the State of North Carolina, amidst the scenes where you passed your boyhood days. We hope that shortly you will pitch your tent here; the pitch can be supplied from our native pines. [Cries of "Good!"] Born here, you left soon, for causes never known, for Tennessee; and having attained the highest eminence to which an American can aspire, we are glad to see you coming down [Immense cheering by the freedmen] among us, the companions of your youth. Mr. President, you have been the Moses of our colored friends, and have faced the dangers of Faro at the Capitol of the Nation in their behalf. [Cheers.] I welcome you to the subsoil of your nativity." [Cheers.]

This BATTLE having spent its force, the President opened on him thus:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MY NATIVE STATE!—I have no means of expressing my emotions. [A voice—"The Yanks broke up all of the Express Companies in the war." Great laughter.] I have no language certainly with which to frame an appropriate address. [Another voice—"Frame it in gilt." Cries of "Put him out!" and "Good!"] No, gentlemen, don't put him out; he can't put me out, for I have no set speech for the occasion. I did not expect to speak here. You must excuse me."

The President having concluded, the raging BATTLE turned on Mr. SEWARD and Postmaster RANDALL, and attacked them as follows:

"I am likewise commissioned to offer you a cordial welcome ["We don't drink!" interrupted the Secretary] to our State, and hope you will pass your time agreeably."

Mr. SEWARD replied as follows:

"I can certainly say for myself that I am taken a little aback by the size and weight of my North Carolina friends, and I can only say that if I am ever induced to fight a *Battle* it won't be in North Carolina." [Cheers.]

Here Mr. SEWARD threw up the sponge, and Mr. RANDALL stepped into the ring:

"I also return my thanks. I have much pride in visiting the birth-place of the Honorable President of this nation—pride, because the office of President, next to that of Postmaster-General, can bestow more good offices upon the people [Cheers and laughter] than any other power in the world. I know this is the feeling of the President, and nothing would please me better than to see this land full of post-offices and postmasters." [Cheers.]

We now left for Raleigh; and as the train passed the various stations along the road, where groups of all sizes and colors were gathered, the President acknowledged them by sending Mr. RANDALL to the rear of the car to do the bowing.

In a couple of hours we arrived at Raleigh. Here we were met by the Mayor, who pushed his way through the crowd and commenced talking to the President, while a dozen others were so interrupting him that the President could not tell who was the right official. Secretary SEWARD remarked that probably we had found a Mayor's nest.

This, of course, put the crowd into a fit of laughing, which the real Mayor took advantage of, and began thus:

"MR. PRESIDENT,—Allow me, Sir, in behalf of the city of Raleigh, to tender you a cordial welcome.—Many of the friends and associates of your youthful days were drafted with the rebel army, and have not yet come back; indeed, we have ceased expecting them; but such of us as are left are delighted to honor one who has ascended the ladder of fame to the topmost round without falling to the bottom, and only put his foot through the rounds four times." [Immense cheering.]

To this piece of flattery the President replied as follows:

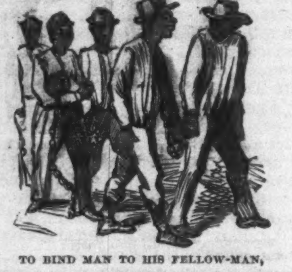
"It would be affected in me to say that I am proud of my performances on the ladder, and to say that I could do it again; but I thank you for your welcome."

The President was now escorted to the Yarborough House by General SICKLES, and was introduced to the crowd by Governor WORTH. Said the worthy Governor:

"GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—I have the honor to introduce to you the Constitution of the United States, *alias* ANDREW JOHNSON. He visits the city of his nativity to tell us about the Constitution. I shall, therefore, make no allusion to any subject now dividing public opinion. One thing we are all agreed upon—that is, the Constitution restored to its old foundation, and the Union as it was. The whole life of our distinguished guest, from Constable to President, has been spent in devotion to the Constitution. May his constitution never fail him, or his shadow never grow less! Mr. President, what will you take?" [Immense cheering.]

The President *responded* as follows:

"SIR,—I confess that, under the circumstances, I am unable to say what it shall be—but let that pass. I am inspired with emotions which language is wholly inadequate to express. [A voice—"Go through the motions, then."] Here, in the language of another which I shall not attempt to improve upon [A voice—"BILLY SEWARD?"]—here, in this city, where my infant eyes first saw the light of a pine-knot—here are the scenes of my childhood—here was every thing



TO BIND MAN TO HIS FELLOW-MAN,

and to associate him with surrounding objects. Yonder stands the old prison and the whipping-post. In making my entrance into this city to-day, in a first-class railroad car, my mind wandered back to the time when I left its streets, with my bundle over my shoulder, a penniless boy; and I remember the picture in the newspaper advertisement offering one cent reward for my return. [Applause.] When, looking back forty years, like the real Moses in the wilderness, I begin to inquire where are those I left behind [A voice—"Give it up!"]—in the language of poetry I would say, 'How are you, HORACE GREELEY?' and 'Does your mother know you're out?' [Great laughter.] Echo answers, 'You're out.' Where are my friends? Some have gone into business for themselves, and others gone to that undiscovered country, let us hope, that Mr. SEWARD has just bought, and from which no traveler ever returns. [Great cheering.] I again ask, friends and companions of my childhood, where are you?" Here an old colored nurse rushed out of the crowd, and, embracing the President around the neck, exclaimed:

"HERE'S ONE OF 'EM, BRESS HIM!"

[Vociferous cheering and cries of "Go in, Aunty!"] The President, struggling, continues: "Where are the gay roysterers, the SMITHS and the JONESES? [A voice—"Gone into the distillery business, most of 'em."] Where is the long list of men who lived at that day, and who commanded respect for constancy to principle? [A voice—"On the books of the pardon-broker." Great laughter.] Under these circumstances could I feel indifferent? [A voice—"Oh no!"] I would be false to my nature if I forgot you. [A voice—"Oh yes!"] Let me quote from the poets again:

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never did put into his head
What had better remained corked in the jug?'

[Cries of "No" and "Yes" and great applause.] But let that pass. When I went out from among you, and from the time I became connected with politics, I never took the pledge [Cries of "That's so!" and cheers.] to be guided by blind party. Come weal or woe, I laid one hand upon the Constitution, and the other upon a table or chair, and endeavored to stand firm. [Applause.] Since I left

MY NATIVE STATE

I have been trying to repair the *breaches* of the war. [Cries of "Joke!" "Good!" and laughter.] Let us efface from our minds the memory of the past, and let us pour oil on the troubled waters. [A voice—"Make it something stronger."] This has been my constant object, but let that pass. One word to you, young men. Don't be ashamed to be a Congressman; don't take your ideas of such men from WILSON, KELLEY, and others you see down here. I was a Congressman once, and see me—but let that pass. In conclusion, permit me to tender you my thanks for this cordial welcome from the Governor of the State. She sent me out penniless and friendless. I now come back perfectly rotten with both money and friends. [Cheers.] And I can with pride say of the Old North State, she is my mother, and, whatever may have been her delinquencies,

I LOVE HER STILL.

[Vociferous cheering.] Ladies and gentlemen, this is all I can remember for this occasion, and I thank you for the patience and attention with which you have listened to me. *Au revoir.*" [Cheers.]

The assemblage, which was large, soon dispersed. Secretary SEWARD made a funny speech to the few that remained, followed by Postmaster-General RANDALL and General SICKLES. At the conclusion of General SICKLES's speech, there being no one present, the General adjourned.

Chief-Justice CHASE is expected here to-morrow, when the President will repeat his other speech, in which it is understood he has other people besides the SMITHS and the JONESES he intends inquiring after.

The common people here are in great trouble as to what the President is going to do to these people when he finds out where they are. General SICKLES lending his countenance to the affair looks to them as squinting toward confiscation.

The President wishes me to attend him on his trip to Boston next month, but I don't know how that will be.

Your own C. O. W.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE LAKE.

THE mare which Mr. Talbot had declared to be "too slight for Bathurst" had carried that gentleman far away from the brothers long before the conversation which has just been recorded had come to a close. She had visibly flagged, as has been narrated, on a piece of marshy, spongy turf, and then she had got herself together, and gallantly borne him over a hurdle and away on a slightly sloping piece of ground into the extreme edge of the Haldon parkland. Then he had pulled up, quoting to himself the line, "This is the place—stand still, my steed. Let me review the most eligible way of getting back to the house without falling in with those fellows again. I don't want that now." This he said to himself breathlessly, looking about him for a short cut back to the house. Presently he saw one that looked promising—an elm-tree avenue in full foliage, through which he could gallop unobserved by any one who might be on the high lands adjoining. "Oh, ride as though you were flying!" He sang out the refrain of the brilliant Irish ballad heartily as the mare bounded into her stride, and the goal he sought was brought nearer to him each instant. As he went along, conscious of looking well in the blue unclouded weather, swinging easily and gracefully to each movement of the mare's, he felt rather sorry that Blanche was not near to see him; and the feeling was not an extraordinarily conceited one under the circumstances, for with his Glengarry bent down low over his brow, his handsome fair face glowing with the sun and the exercise, and his bold blue eyes brilliant with excitement, he was no unworthy object merely from the artistic point of view.

A groom came out as he clattered hastily into the yard, and as the mare was led off with heaving sides and seething flanks he turned to go toward the house, and met Blanche.

"What a mad rider you are, Frank!" she said, reproachfully; "why such haste when the very air is languid? How you have heated that poor horse!"

"I was anxious to get back," he said. And then Blanche tried to pass on nearer to the horse, and he offered her his arm to stop her progress. "Never mind the mare now; she has been on probation to-day. I have been putting her through all her paces, in order to see whether she will suit you or not. I have decided that she will suit you—so she is yours."

She shook her head.

"You are really gorgeous in your generosity, Frank—a sort of man who would order round 'more carriages' with as grand a grace as the Irish magnate did. She must not be mine, however, the pretty darling. I should have a slight difficulty in keeping her in furnished lodgings in town."

They had sauntered slowly out of the yard while she had been speaking; and now they had reached a bend in the drive from whence two paths—one leading direct to the house, the other bearing away to the lake—diverged. She half inclined to the former path, but he whispered:

"No, no! come down by the lake."

"I am afraid of a sun-stroke," she said, putting her hand up to her bare head as she spoke. "I rushed out without a hat to get a few flowers; and then I saw you, and forgot my flowers in the agitation your furious riding caused me."

"There's a depth of shade under that old ilex that will secure you from all fear of sun-stroke. Do come, Blanche."

He moved on with his left hand clasping hers as it rested on his right arm, and she was constrained to go with him.

"What have you done with the Talbots?" she asked.

"Oh! never mind the Talbots," he replied.

"But I do mind about them particularly," and then—she could only think it, she dared not speak as one who knew—she went on: "I am afraid things are not going as well with Mr. Talbot as his friends could wish."

"I am afraid that there is something wrong with Master Edgar," he replied, carelessly, "but he's such a queer, close fellow, one can never make out what he's after; however, as our thinking about it won't help him, we had better not think about it, eh?"

"Frank, you are so funnily selfish," she said, laughing; "there is a grain of truth and honesty at the bottom of every selfish remark you make which causes me to regard it more leniently than I should otherwise do, Sir; still you are selfish, and it is a pity."

"I will take the rest of your rebukes sitting down, if you will allow me," he replied, smiling; "there is a place for you, here on this mound

by the roots—the light falls on your chignon in a most marvelous manner, and your face will be in shade; so! may I sit here?”

He seated himself close by her side, even as he asked it; leaned on his elbow, and looked up very lovingly into her face. “I wish you would let me go and get my hat,” she exclaimed, turning her face slightly away from his bent, earnest gaze.

“No, no, no!”

“There you are! selfish again! it pleases you that I should sit here and scorch my brains because the light falls, as it seems good to you that it should fall, on my chignon.”

“Blanche! not for that only.”

His tone was a little more serious than any she had ever heard from him before. She looked round at him quickly and scrutinizingly, and then she said:

“For some equally frivolous reason, then, I am sure!” Then, “Forgive me, Frank, for saying that. I really beg your pardon, but you are so much what a brother would be to me that I can not help talking to you as if you were my brother.”

“I don't seem to care to see that sentiment strengthened,” he said, dryly.

“I am sorry for that, for it has been strengthening daily from the day I saw you first.”

“What did you think of me when you saw me first?”

“I almost forget—no, I do not—I liked you, and felt as well disposed toward you as one does toward the majority of people. Natural affection does not develop in an instant, you know.”

“I don't care what natural affection does, but the immortals love each other at first sight, and love is of them.”

“I am sure I shall get a sun-stroke,” Blanche said, hurriedly; “if you would only let me go and get my hat I should like you so much.”

“Perhaps you would not come back?”

“Yes, I would.”

“Perhaps you would not come back alone?”

“Well, it may occur to you to remember that Miss Talbot may find it dull alone with mamma.”

“Not a bit of it; she will find it delightful with mamma; at any rate, I find it delightful that she should be up there with mamma while I am here with you. Come, Blanche, don't be so restless; you give your society for hours to Talbot or to Lal, and you grudge me a few minutes. I want to talk to you about—”

“About what?” she interrupted, laughing.—“I can tell you without you taking any trouble: you want me to speak to you of ‘Tannhäuser,’ without waiting for any replies from you; you wish to enjoy the sun in silence, and as you know that I am well contented to hear myself speak, you will condescend to listen to me.” She tried to rattle on, without giving him the opportunity of saying a word; but he divined her motive, and frustrated it.

“Quite the reverse,” he said. “As a rule, you are right in supposing that while you spoke I could desire no better occupation than to hear you; but on this occasion I want to speak, and you must listen.”

“How well the house looks from here!” she said.

“Yes; the remark is peculiarly relevant to the point I was discussing, is it not?” he answered, smiling. “Queer it is that we should be sitting here looking at the house that would have been your own if you had not been over-proud and over-generous to me.”

“Not over-generous to you. I knew nothing of you; you were a name to me. ‘Bathurst's boy’ papa used to call you.” Then the remembrance of the proposition that had been made with regard to “Bathurst's boy” by herself about herself shot across her mind, and she blushed and laughed.

“The man is very grateful for the good you gave the boy,” he said, softly; “I almost feel as if I owed myself to you, Blanche. What an obscure fellow I should have been if you had seen and conquered old Mr. Lyon!”

“Poverty, or, at any rate, want of wealth, is not necessarily ‘obscurity,’” she replied.

He shrugged his shoulders, as if he rather doubted the truth of that aphorism.

“You would have been an equally good, and perhaps a far greater man, if you had been left to your own devices, Frank, than you will ever be now; you have nothing to be grateful to me for.”

“Give me something to be grateful for,” he said, winningly; and he put his white, well-shaped hand on hers as he spoke. “Will you give me something to be grateful for? will you, Blanche?”

“Yes; I will give you excellent advice—do not resent it. Remember what I said to you the other day when we were all down here—recall the spell I repeated, and the remark I made about it.”

“Is that your advice?”

“Yes.”

“Why do you offer it?”

“Why, indeed!” she said, with an assumption of a careless air. “I think I can give you a cogent reason, though. I should like to see you grow earnest, for, as I told you, ‘the heart may not be thine’ until you do so; and it is a pity to wait over-long for it, for Trixy's heart would be well worth having.”

“Is that your advice—that I should endeavor to gain Miss Talbot's heart?” he asked, and if he had not been Frank Bathurst he would have looked mortified. Being himself, he merely threw an additionally imploring expression into his eyes—an expression which Blanche steadily resisted, for reasons that have been already assigned.

“Indeed I do—if you can.”

He threw himself back with an air of confidence on the subject that was not quite pleasing to the woman who loved Trixy Talbot's brother. “Frank, you are woefully conceited, I am afraid,” she said, reproachfully; “and I feel rather guilty, for I know that I have aided in making you so.”

“No, not at all; your conscience is quite clear on that score,” he replied, almost bitterly; “you have been kind to me; but this morning you are determined, for some reason or other, to make your manner counterbalance all that kindness. I feel very much rebuffed.”

“Now you make me feel guilty of injustice, folly, and rudeness. Why should I rebuff you? To me you are all that the kindest brother could be; let me regard you as such, Frank; it will be such a comfort to me.”

“But it will be no comfort to me,” he replied. “It is all very well, Blanche, but Platonic affection breaks down between friends, and fraternal affection will not answer between cousins, when I am one and you the other party concerned; if I had never seen you, I should have fallen in love with Trixy Talbot; but I have seen you, and I'm a gone 'coon.”

She would not take it as a declaration; she would not allow him to suppose that she could for one moment think he intended it to be expressive of a desire to marry her. She did not belong to that order of women who look upon every word, even of avowed affection, as a step toward the altar. So now she began to sing out, sweetly and blithely, the words:

“‘Thy words of courtly flattery, such fall like morning dew;
For oh! love takes another turn, the tender and the true.
Liking light as ours was never meant to last;
It was a moment's fantasy, and as such it has passed.’”

And when she sang that, Frank very wisely resolved to cease from further tender treatment of his subject that day.

But he was very far from giving up his point; for all his gay, light manner, for all that habit of seeming never to care for one thing long, he had great tenacity of purpose, especially when, as in this case, obstacles arose where least they had been expected. The hare that doubled most frequently was the one he most cared to course; the deer that gave the hounds a hard run was the one he loved to follow; and the woman “who warned the touch while winning the sense” was the one he wished to woo, and win, and wed.

“Is she afraid of being seriously regarded too soon?” he said, coaxingly, when Blanche had quite finished her little strain. “Melodious Mentor! tell me the way to be tender and true according to your song.”

“Like ‘the Douglas,’” she exclaimed, eagerly changing the topic. “‘Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!’ Oh, those dear old border ballads. Why have we no bard to sing likewise in these days? In place of those genuine rhythms we get verses of society that small critics are good enough to call ‘Praedesque.’ Poor maligned Praed! why should he be made to father such folly?”

“As what?”

“As the tinkling lines that choke the magazines. We have lost our gallantry—our good gallantry, I mean; the ‘idea’ flourishes still. We have lost our guileless belief in the ‘brave and noble,’ and so none are found to sing it. We have lost our genuineness in most things, and specially in the artistic part of our nationality; have we not, Frank?”

“I have not given my mind to the subject very seriously,” he replied, demurely; “but I do not think that we have lost our ‘go’ in poetry or in any other branch of art; there is an immense amount of fervid trash written and published, but a few young lights are rising up whose blaze is hot and clear.”

“But no one to be compared with Scott, or Byron, or Shelley—whom I don't half understand.”

“Scott, whom you mention now with such wholesome awe, was named less reverently by his compeer in ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:’

“‘And Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, all forgot,
Resign their hallowed bays to Walter Scott.’

‘Time tries all,’ you know. A few of those whom you now look upon as producers of mere ‘tinkling lines’ may be found to have good metal in them before the century is old.”

“I wonder whether there is any thing in it all?” she said, in a low voice. “Sometimes it all seems such vanity and vexation of spirit, and nothing is worth any thing, and all is emptiness. Were the mighty men of old happy, I wonder? Homer did not enjoy life a bit more for his works living on through all the ages. Do you think he was happy?”

“I should not be surprised to hear he was not,” Frank answered, lazily. “The fellow who wrote the ‘Art of Love’ (from experience, let us suppose) must have had a jolly time of it; but the knowledge that he is to be learned a few hundred years hence by little boys who object to you can hardly add to any man's happiness.”

“Frank,” Blanche Lyon said, suddenly turning her head toward him as he lounged at her side, “you're nice, and witty, and shallow—frightfully shallow. I am sure if I had been a man I would have done something good with my life, for I have a horror of hearing the little things that we say in joke about the mighty things that have been. I lack veneration for many things; I know that, but I do respect so many things that you treat facetiously because you fail to understand them.”

“That's all Lionel Talbot talk—treated accordingly,” he said, laughing. “Lal is a charming fellow, with an immense fund of faith in the true and the beautiful, and all the things that are generally written with capital initial letters; and you have picked up some of his notions. ‘Done something good with your life if you had been a man,’ would you? What a boon it is to the rest of us that you are only a woman, and so not that colossal bore, a shining example! Here's a chance for your ameliorating the mental condition of your suffering fellow-creatures still—do something good with my life. I am quite ready to place it in your hands.”

“Were my brain steady I might think of accepting the charge, Frank, but the sun has been too much for me. ‘Oh! ilex-tree—oh! ilex-tree, how faithless are thy branches!’ They have let the rays in upon me, so that, if you would not see me grow red and unbecoming, you will let me go in out of the way of them.”

“It is a mistake to say ‘man never *is* but always *to be* blessed;’ that applies especially to women,” Frank said, impatiently. “I thought we were very happy here, so of course you find it too hot. Well, I am your slave, Blanche; we will go in if you like. I will always do what you like.”

He had taken both her hands, and was lifting her up from her sitting posture as he spoke, and she was looking up gladly and gratefully into his face—gladly and gratefully! and he fully deserved that she should shower such glances upon him, for he had been very generous in saying no more when she had given him to understand that he had said enough. As she fairly balanced herself, and stood steadily upon her feet, Lionel came over the crest of the bank that rose up from the water, and Blanche blushed with the miserable consciousness that beset her, of seeming other than she was; and the two men felt that the trip to Algeria, which Lionel had contemplated, would be a desirable thing after all.

CHAPTER XIX.

“THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.”

WHEN Mr. Talbot went back to Haldon, leaving Lionel leaning against a hurdle, he (Edgar) was, as has been told, in no pleasant mood. He had suggested that his brother should bear the burden of the bad news to his sister, and his brother had, in all single-mindedness, pointed out to him that to do so was his, the elder's, part. Mr. Talbot was far from feeling convinced that this was the case; at the same time he was equally far from being capable of again hinting his desires on the subject. Accordingly, he went back to the house just about the time that Frank Bathurst and Blanche emerged from the yard, and the glimpse he caught of that pair lazily sauntering away toward the water did not brighten his temper or his bearing.

He found Beatrix sitting by the open window, down on the threshold of it, in fact, in the same position she had occupied on the previous night, when Frank Bathurst had faced her—looking eloquently all his fervent admiration for her hair and eyes. She had a little work-basket on her lap, and an open book on a chair immediately by her side. But she was neither reading nor working actively—she was thinking, and her thoughts interfered with her executive power.

“Can I speak to you here, without being liable to Mrs. Lyon at any moment?” he asked, lifting up the open book, and placing himself on the chair by her side. “If not, come away somewhere else, Trixy.”

“I can account for Mrs. Lyon for the next hour; she has gone down to the village, to look at a cottage that is to let.”

“What on earth for?”

“Blanche—Miss Lyon told her this morning that a friend of hers might possibly want a small country-house soon; and Mrs. Lyon, it seems, delights in house-hunting. So she made inquiries of the servants, heard of this cottage, and has gone off to look at it.”

“And can you account for the others?” he asked, carelessly; but he watched her with furtive keenness as she began trifling with the contents of her work-basket, and answered:

“Miss Lyon has gone out to gather flowers—the others went out with you, did they not?”

“She is gathering flowers that bloom unseen by us, then, for I saw her going down to the lake with Bathurst as I came in. However, that is not what I wanted to tell you, Trixy. The truth is, things have gone very badly with me, and it is time you should know it, as you will be a sufferer.”

She looked up, startled and affected as much by the tenderness with which he addressed her as by the tidings his words conveyed; but before she had said any thing he went on in a peevish tone:

“Don't go white and red about it. Of all things I hate a scene. The less said about my business the better, since no amount of talking can possibly set it straight. I have been unfortunate to an extraordinary degree, having lost not only my own money but all Lionel's and a good deal of Mark Sutton's into the bargain—”

She interrupted him here by holding her face up to kiss him; as he bent down to her he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

“For mercy's sake don't cry, Beatrix,” he muttered. “I can stand any thing better than women's tears. It is hard on you—very hard on you, I allow that, but you shall feel the change as little as possible—that I swear.”

“Oh! Edgar, do you believe that I am thinking of myself?” she asked, reproachfully.

“Of course I do—it is only natural and human that you should think of yourself. It is a bad thing for you; a very bad thing. In a little time, had I been able to hold on, you would probably have been independent of me. Is that chance over Trixy?—tell me honestly.”

“What chance?” she asked, crimsoning painfully.

“We have come to such a pass that it is feeble of you to attempt to evade my natural anxiety about you out of false delicacy. How do you stand with Bathurst?”

“Edgar! how can you ask me? If I stood in any other relation to him than is apparent to all the world should I not have told you? or rather, would he not have told you so?”

“I am not so sure of that—about him, at least,” Edgar Talbot said, shaking his head. “Now, look here, Trixy—you like him; of that I am sure. I shall more bitterly regret my loss of fortune on your account than I do already if it were the means of separating you from him. I have been very plain-spoken with you—far more so than I should have been if I did not feel that, even at some cost of fine feeling to you, I am bound to make you all the reparation I can make. Be equally candid with me. Would it not be agreeable to your wishes to live down here for a time with the Lyons, rather than to return to a less comfortable home in London than you have known hitherto?”

“To live down here!—no, no, no!”

“Not here at Haldon, but in the village. I am the one Miss Lyon had in her mind when she spoke of some friend of hers possibly soon requiring country quarters.”

“How did she know?”

“Because I told her last night.”

“How you all rely on her judgment!” Trixy cried out, bitterly. “I thought till now that it was only Lionel and Mr. Bathurst who turned to her on all occasions, as if she were the best guide, philosopher, and friend they could possibly have. Now I find you give her your confidence before you give it to me.”

“Circumstances compelled me to give her my confidence. I want her mother to continue with you still,” he answered, evasively. “And now tell me—what objection have you to remaining down in this neighborhood, provided a suitable house can be found? Victoria Street must go—I tell you that fairly; and I do not think it will be to your interest or to mine to take you into an inferior metropolitan locality; besides, it will be cheaper here.”

“Why not some other neighborhood?” she urged.

“And why some other neighborhood?” he replied. “It will save time, trouble, and money if I can establish you here with the Lyons; should any change arise it will be easy to take you away.”

“What change are you contemplating?”

“Well, to put it broadly, and in such a way that we may both fully understand the other—should Bathurst marry Blanche Lyon, I can quite feel with you that the village would be no fitting residence for you; but we do not know that this is likely to be; and therefore, unless the plan is positively painful to you, I shall ask you for my sake to agree to it.”

“I submit entirely to your judgment,” she said, coldly. It seemed to her that her brother was betraying a callousness as to her feelings in the matter which lessened his claims on her affection, however it might be about her obedience. He was evidently determined to play her—his last card, however much she might suffer in the publicity of such staking, and however keenly she might be wounded if he lost. Plainly as he had spoken to her, she had not been able to bring herself to speak with equal plainness to him in return. He had assumed that she was in love with Mr. Bathurst, and she had not denied the assumption. On the other hand, she had not acquiesced in it even when he had said that he “could quite feel with her that the village would be no fitting residence for her in the event of Bathurst's marrying Blanche Lyon.”

Inconsistent as it may appear, after the cool manner of her submission having been commented upon, Beatrix Talbot was conscious of being glad that she was not to be entirely removed from the society of the man she loved. The inconsistency is admitted, and the artistic propriety of it defended, for in real life the great majority are consistent only in inconsistency of feeling, if not of action. Some subtle adjustment of her sentiments regarding Frank Bathurst made her glad that she was not to be taken away from his atmosphere altogether; at the same time, she was sorry that any other than himself should have proposed her remaining in it. Moreover, she was partially rejoiced and partially grieved, in some intricate way, that this social convulsion was coming about. Matters resettle themselves differently after such throes and dissolvings of former habits; and she argued, after the manner of women, that the worst which certainly might ensue would be better than this unquiet in which her heart now dwelt. So she thought, comforting herself for a few moments after her last speech to her brother, and then she began to stab herself again by picturing what she should do, and how she should feel if, after she was safely settled in the cottage with the Lyons, Mr. Bathurst came and took one of the inhabitants thereof away, leaving her (Trixy) to solace Mrs. Lyon's declining years. It was not a pleasing picture, but it did not last longer, fortunately, than such painful mental paintings are wont to do. A sweeter subject, in more glowing hues, spread itself over the canvas of her mind presently, as she thought of the night before, and how he had looked at her when he had declared himself to “be sympathetic, whatever Blanche might say to the contrary.”

“Edgar, I will live wherever you wish me to live, and be as happy as possible,” she said, suddenly, in quite a different tone to the one in which she had previously agreed to his desire. Then he got up and went away, thinking that it was impossible she could have looked so absurdly hopeful all in a moment if she had not some reasonable foundation for believing that Bathurst was in earnest about her.

“If Blanche Lyon should elect to go away,” he said to himself, “Trixy would carry the day: he can't resent the ‘present’ soft influence.” Then he despised Mr. Bathurst very heartily for that power of loving all that was lovely, which was so eminently characteristic of him, and at the same time made up his mind to adopt all the means he knew, in order to compass the desirable end of getting Frank Bathurst for a brother-in-law.

A TRIAD.

THREE sang of love together: one with lips
 Crimson, with cheeks and bosom in a glow,
Flushed to the yellow hair and finger-tips;
 And one there sang who, soft and smooth as snow,
 Bloomed like a tinted hyacinth at a show;
And one was blue with famine after love,
 Who, like a harp-string snapped, rang harsh and low
The burden of what those were singing of.
One shamed herself in love; one temperately
 Grew gross in soulless love, a sluggish wife;
One famished, died for love. Thus two of three
 Took death for love and won him after strife;
One droned in sweetness like a fattened bee:
 All on the threshold, yet all short of life.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER IV.

IN PARADISE.

WE stood at the white gate talking to each other, my Charlotte and I. The old red-tiled roof which I had seen in the distance sheltered the girl I love. The solitary farm-house which it had been my whim to examine was the house in which my dear love made her home. It was here—to this untrodden hill-side—that my darling had come from the prim modern villa at Bayswater. Ah, what happiness to find her here, far away from all those stock-broking surroundings—here, where our hearts expanded beneath the divine influence of Nature!

I fear that I was coxcomb enough to fancy myself beloved that day we parted in Kensington Gardens. A look, a tone—too subtle for definition—thrilled me with a sudden hope so bright, that I would not trust myself to believe it could be realized.

"She is a coquette," I said to myself. "Coquetry is one of the graces which Nature bestows upon these bewitching creatures. That little conscious look, which stirred this weak heart so tumultuously, is no doubt common to her when she knows herself beloved and admired, and has no meaning that can flatter my foolish hopes."

This is how I had reasoned with myself again and again during the dreary interval in which Miss Halliday and I had been separated. But oh, what a hardy, perennial blossom hope must be! The tender buds were not to be crushed by the pelting hailstones of hard common-sense. They had survived all my philosophical reflections, and burst into sudden flower to-day at sight of Charlotte's face. She loved me, and she was delighted to see me. That was what her radiant face told me; and could I do less than believe the sweet confession? For the first few moments we could scarcely speak to each other, and then we began to converse in the usual commonplace strain.

She told me of her astonishment on seeing me in that remote spot. I could hardly confess to having business at Huxter's Cross, so I was fain to tell my dear love a falsehood, and declare that I was taking a holiday "up at the hills."

"And how did you come to choose Huxter's Cross for your holiday?" she asked, naïvely.

I told her that I had heard the place spoken of by a person in the city—my simple-minded Sparsfield to wit.

"And you could not have come to a better place," she cried, "though people do call it the very dullest spot in the world. This was my dear aunt Mary's house—papa's sister, you know. Grandpapa Halliday had two farms. This was one, and Hiley farm the other. Hiley was much larger and better than this, you know, and was left to poor papa, who sold it just before he died."

Her face clouded as she spoke of her father's death.

"I can't speak about that without pain even now," she said softly, "though I was only nine years old when it happened. But one can suffer a great deal at nine years old."

And then, after a little pause, she went on to speak of her Yorkshire home.

"My aunt and uncle Mercer are so kind to me; and yet they are neither of them really related to me. My aunt Mary died very young, when her first baby was born, and the poor little baby died too; and uncle Mercer inherited the property from his wife, you see. He married again after two years, and his second wife is the dearest, kindest creature in the world. I always call her aunt, for I don't remember poor papa's sister at all; and no aunt that ever lived could be kinder to me than aunt Dorothy. I am always so happy here," she said; "and it seems such a treat to get away from the Lawn—of course I am sorry to leave mamma, you know," she added, parenthetically—"and the stiff breakfasts, and Mr. Sheldon's newspapers that crackle, crackle so shockingly all breakfast-time; and the stiff dinners, with a prim parlor-maid staring at one all the time; and bringing one vegetables that one doesn't want if one only ventures to breathe a little louder than usual. Here is Liberty Hall. Uncle Joe—he is aunt Dorothy's husband—is the kindest creature in the world, just the very reverse of Mr. Sheldon in every thing. I don't mean that my step-father is unkind, you know. Oh no, he has always been very good to me—much kinder than I have deserved that he should be. But uncle Joe's ways are *so* different. I am sure you will like him; and I am sure he will like you, for he likes every body, dear thing! And you must come and see us very often, please, for Newhall farm is open house, you know, and the stranger within the gates is always welcome."

Now my duty to my Sheldon demanded that I should scamper back to Huxter's Cross as fast as my legs would carry me, in order to be in time for the hybrid vehicle that was to convey me to Hidling station; and here was this dear girl inviting me to linger, and promising me a welcome to the house which was made a paradise by her presence.

I looked at my watch. It would have been impossible for me to reach Huxter's Cross in time for the vehicle. Conscience whispered that I could hire my landlord's dogcart and a boy to drive me to Hidling; but the whispers of conscience are very faint; and love cried aloud, "Stay with Charlotte: supreme happiness is offered to you for the first time in your life. Fool that would reject so rare a gift!"

It was to this latter counselor I gave my ear. My Sheldon's interests went overboard; and I staid by the white gate, talking to Charlotte, till it was quite too late to heed the reproachful grumblings of conscience about that dogcart.

My Charlotte—yes, I boldly call her mine now—my dear is great in agriculture. She enlightened my cockney mind on the subject of upland farms, telling me how uncle and aunt Mercer's land is poor and sandy, requiring very little in the way of draining, but producing by no means luxuriant crops. It is a very picturesque place, and has a certain gentleman-like air with it pleasing to my snobbish taste. The house lies in a tract of open grass-land, dotted here and there by trees, and altogether of a park-like appearance. True that the mild and useful sheep rather than the stately stag browses on that greensward, and few carriages roll along the winding gravel road that leads to the house.

I felt a rapturous thirst for agricultural knowledge as I listened to my Charlotte. Was there a vacancy for hind or herdsman on Newhall farm? I wondered. What is the office so humble I would not fill for her dear sake? Oh, how I sighed for the days of Jacob, that first distinguished usurer, so that I might serve seven years and again seven years for my darling!

I staid by the white gate, abandoning all thought of my employer's behests, unconscious of time—unconscious o every thing except that I was with Charlotte Halliday, and would not have resigned my position to be made Lord Chancellor of England.

Anon came uncle Joe, with a pleasant rubicund visage beaming under a felt hat, to tell Lottie that dinner was ready. To him I was immediately presented.

"Mr. Mercer, my dear uncle Joseph—Mr. Hawkehurst, a friend of my step-father's," said Charlotte.

Two or three minutes afterward we were all three walking across the park-like sward to the hospitable farm-house; for the idea of my departing before dinner seemed utterly preposterous to this friendly farmer.

"MUSA, MUSÆ, THE GODS WERE AT TEA."

Considered apart from the glamour that for my eyes must needs shine over any dwelling inhabited by Charlotte Halliday, I will venture to say that Newhall farm-house is the dearest old place in the world. Such delightful old rooms, with the deepest window-seats, the highest mantle-pieces, the widest fire-places possible in domestic architecture; such mysterious closets and uncanny passages; such pitfalls in the way of unexpected flights of stairs; such antiquated glazed corner-cupboards for the display of old china!—every thing redolent of the past.

In one corner a spinning-wheel, so old that its spindle might be the identical weapon that pierced Princess Sleeping Beauty's soft white hand; in another corner an arm-chair that must have been old-fashioned in the days of Queen Anne; and oh, what ancient flowered chintzes, what capacious sofas, what darling mahogany secretaries, and bureaus with gleaming brazen adornments in the way of handles!—and about every thing the odor of rose-leaves and lavender.

I have grown familiar with every corner of the dear old place within the last few days, but on this first day I had only a general impression of antiquated aspect and homely comfort.

I staid to dine at the same unpretending board at which my Charlotte had sat years ago, elevated on a high chair, and as yet new to the use of knives and forks. Uncle Joe and aunt Dorothy told me this in their pleasant, friendly way; while the young lady sat by, blushing and dimpling like a summer sea beneath the rosy flush of sunrise. No words can relate how delightful it was to me to hear them talk of my dear love's childhood; they dwelt so tenderly upon her sweetness, they dilated with such enthusiasm upon her "pretty ways." Her "pretty ways!" ah, how fatal a thing it is for mankind when Nature endows a woman with those pretty ways! From the thrall of Grecian noses and Castilian eyes there may be hope of deliverance, but from the spell of that indescribable witchery there is none.

I whistled my Sheldon down the wind without remorse, and allowed myself to be as happy as if I had been the squire of valley and hill-side, with ten thousand a year to offer my Charlotte with the heart that loves her so fondly. I have no idea what we had for dinner. I know only that the fare was plenteous, and the hospitality of my new friends unbounded. We were very much at ease with one another, and our laughter rang up to the stalwart beams that sustained the old ceiling. If I had possessed the smallest fragment of my heart I should have delivered it over without hesitation to my aunt Dorothy—pardon!—my Charlotte's aunt Dorothy, who is the cheeriest, brightest, kindest matron I ever met, with a sweet, unworldly spirit that beams out of her candid blue eyes.

Charlotte seems to have been tenderly attached to her father, the poor fellow who died in Philip Sheldon's house—uncomfortable for Sheldon, I should think. The Mercers talk a good deal of Thomas Halliday, for whom they appear to have entertained a very warm affection. They also spoke with considerable kindness of the two Sheldons, whom they knew as young men in the town of Barlingford; but I should not imagine either uncle Joseph or aunt Dorothy very well able to fathom the still waters of the Sheldon intellect.

After dinner uncle Joe took us round the farm. The last stack of corn had been thatched, and there was a peaceful lull in the agricultural world. We went into a quadrangle lined with poultry-sheds, where I saw more of the feathered race than I had ever in my life beheld congregated together; thence to the inspection of pigs—and it was agreeable to inspect even those vulgar querulous grunters with Charlotte by my side. Her brightness shed a light on all those common objects; and oh, how I longed to be a farmer, like uncle Mercer, and devote my life to Charlotte and agriculture!

When uncle Joe had done the honors of his farm-yards and threshing-machinery, he left us to attend to his afternoon duties; and we wandered together over the breezy upland at our own sweet wills—or at *her* sweet will rather, since what could I do but follow where she pleased to lead?

We talked of many things: of the father whom she had loved so dearly, whose memory was still so mournfully dear to her; of her old home at Hiley; of her visits to these dear Mercers; of her school-days, and her new unloved home in the smart Bayswater villa. She confided in me as she had never done before; and when we turned in the chill autumn gloaming I had told her of my love, and had won from her the sweet confession of its return.

I have never known happiness so perfect as that which I felt as we walked home together—home; yes, that old farm-house must be my home as well as hers henceforward; for any habitation which she loved must be a kind of home for me. Sober reflection tells me how reckless and imprudent my whole conduct has been in this business; but when did ever love and prudence go hand in hand? We were children, Charlotte and I, on that blessed afternoon; and we told each other our love as children might have told it, without thought of the future. We have both grown wiser since that time, and are quite agreed as to our imprudence and foolishness; but, though we endeavor to contemplate the future in the most serious manner, we are too happy in the present to be able to analyze the difficulties and dangers that lie in our pathway.

Surely there must be a providence for imprudent lovers.

The November dews fell thick, and the November air was chill, as we walked back to the homestead. I was sorry that there should be that creeping dampness in the atmosphere that night. It seemed out of harmony with the new warmth in my heart. I pressed my darling's little hand closer to my heart, and had no more consciousness of the existence of any impediments to my future bliss than I was of the ground on which I walked, and that seemed air.

We found our chairs waiting for us at aunt Dorothy's tea-table; and I enjoyed that aldermanic banquet, a Yorkshire tea, under circumstances that elevated it to an Olympian repast.

I thought of the Comic Latin Grammar:

"Musa, musæ, the Gods were at tea;
Musæ, musam, eating raspberry jam."

I was Jove, and my love was Juno. I looked at her athwart the misty clouds that issued from the hissing urn, and saw her beautified by a heightened bloom, and with a sweet shy conscious look in her eyes which made her indeed divine.

After tea we played whist; and I am bound to confess that my divinity played execrably, persistently disdaining to return her partner's lead, and putting mean little trumps upon her adversary's tricks, with a fatuous economy of resources which is always ruin.

I staid till ten o'clock, reckless of the unknown country which separated me from Magpie, and then walked home alone under the faint starlight, though my friendly host would fain have lent me a dogcart. The good people here lend one another dogcarts as freely as a cockney offers his umbrella. I went back to Huxter's Cross alone, and the long, solitary walk was very pleasant to me.

Looking up at the stars as I tramped homeward, I could but remember an old epigram:

"Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
 Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done."

I had ample leisure for reflection during that long night-walk, and found myself becoming a perfect Young—Hervey—Sturm—what you will, in the way of meditation. I could not choose but wonder at myself when I looked back to this time last year, and remembered my idle evenings in third-rate *cafés*, on the *rive gauche*, playing dominoes, talking the foul slang of Parisian Bohemia, and poisoning my system with adulterated absinthe. And now I feast upon sweet cakes and honey, and think it paradisaic enjoyment to play whist—for love—in a farm-house parlor. I am younger by ten years than I was twelve months ago.

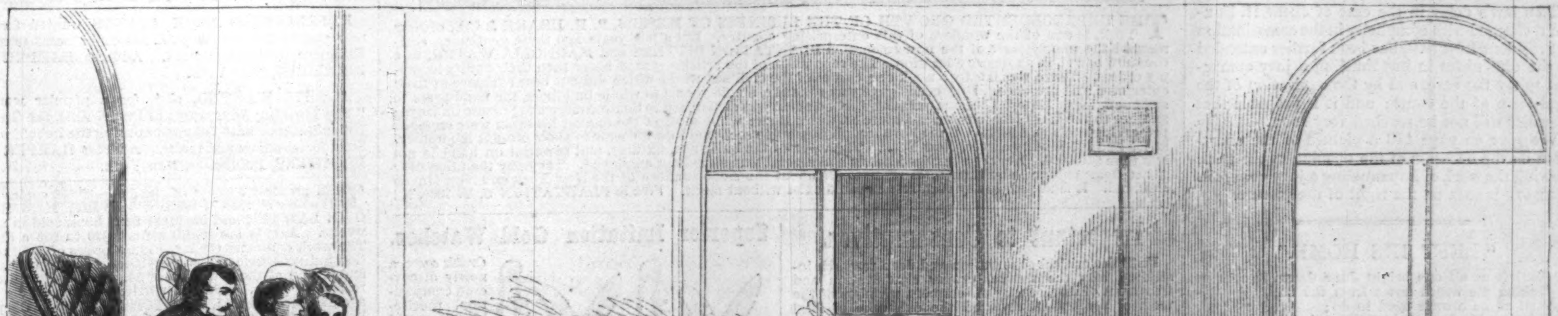
Ah, let me thank God, who has sent me my redemption!

I lifted my hat, and pronounced the thanksgiving softly under that tranquil sky. I was almost ashamed to hear the sound of my own voice. I was like some shy child who for the first time speaks his father's name.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1867.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

SCARLET jupons and feathers, and black silk robes trimmed to correspond, are no longer to be met with. The prevailing color in walking-dresses is pearl gray, and the trimming is commonly light blue or cerise. These dresses are almost invariably made with short paletots of the same material falling quite straight, and with tight sleeves. Another favorite color for walking-dresses is nankeen, which, when trimmed with narrow bands of brown satin ribbon, distributed over it in intricate interlacing patterns, presents a most elegant appearance. Robes of a warm gray tint, trimmed with ribbon of the same shade, are worn, with apple-green jupons, in which case the trimming of the hat or bonnet is of a similar shade of green. Carriage and evening dresses are made with long trains; but the skirts of the walking-dress, or "robe de campagne," as it is



TRIAL OF JOHN H. SURRATT—IMPANNELING A JURY.—SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

styled, are almost invariably extremely short. Sashes or streamers hanging from the bonnet or the back of the neck are very generally worn.

Bonnets are extremely small, and usually consist of nothing more than a little patch of lace, crêpe, or tulle, placed on the crown of the head, and edged round, perhaps, with a fringe of pearl, amber, or glass beads. Hats are worn wreathed round with bunches of coral, flowers, clusters of fruit, tufts of feathers, or dried leaves. Chignons are still worn very large, and are frequently plaited, and terminate in two long ends hanging down over the back.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Morning Toilet.*—Robe of plain green foulard, trimmed at each seam with a vandyked band of green foulard, with a narrow black piping round the edge, and having a second and narrower trimming of black satin placed upon the first. A corresponding trimming passes round the bottom of the dress, which terminates in a plaited flounce of black foulard. Paletot of white mohair, very short, and perfectly straight, with rather tight sleeves, and trimmed with small festoons of narrow green velvet. Chapeau of white tulle, ornamented with green beads, and having a band of green tulle passing round the edge; the veil, which falls over the chignon, is afterward brought in front of the shoulders and fastened by a green brooch.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe of foulard Impératrice, very long, and without any trimming, except the embroidered pattern round the edges of the upper jupe, which is open at every seam, and has its ends tied together, so as to form six single knots at equal distances round the skirt. Paletot of the same material, trimmed in the same style as the upper jupe, and having long open sleeves lined with white satin. Chapeau Hortense of straw, with white tulle veil attached to the back of it; this veil, after falling over the chignon, is brought round under the chin, and then fastened in front by a small bunch of flowers corresponding with the flowers which form the only trimming of the bonnet. Gray satin shoes with elaborate sandals and very high heels.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Jupon of violet-colored silk, with a satin trimming of a deeper shade placed in three straight lines round the under jupe, and down the seams of the upper one, and which passes at intervals through diamonds decreasing in size toward the upper part of the robe, which is of poult de chèvre of the same tint as the jupon. The paletot, which is quite straight, has tight sleeves, and is trimmed in the same style as the other portions of the dress. Chapeau of violet crêpe, ornamented with pearls and very small feathers round the edge, and having wide tulle strings bordered with blonde lace.

Fig. 4. Walking-dress of nankeen-tinted foulard, the robe and jupon being both of the same material. The skirt of the robe is short, and vandyked at the bottom, both in front and behind, and has a large point on each side, falling down over the under jupe. The trimming consists of narrow bands of brown satin, with rows of buttons to correspond, and a small plaited flounce of the same material as the robe, which takes the form of the vandykes. The paletot is similarly trimmed. The jupon, which does not reach below the ankles, is vandyked at the bottom and trimmed with a band of brown satin, and has, first of all, a plaited flounce, which follows the shape of the vandykes; and then, beneath this, a double flounce which is perfectly straight. Chapeau of brown crêpe, embroidered with amber beads and having a bunch of spring flowers on the right-hand side, with a single flower fastening the strings in front.

TRIAL OF SURRATT

THE law's delay in the case of JOHN H. SURRATT, charged with complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, has been further extended by the difficulties in impanneling a jury competent to try the case, and by the expiration of the legal term of the court; and it is probable that a verdict will not be reached very soon.

We give on page 413 a picture of the court-room on the occasion of the opening of the trial, showing the work of impanneling a jury going on. SURRATT is seen on the right of the picture.

"LEFT HIS HOME."

HE left us all one bright June dawn,
Taking his watch down from the nail,
Just as he always used to do;
Leaning his hoe against the rail
As he turned round to kiss our George
(Who ran to push the gate), and bent
A curious kind of look at me
And little Bessy, as he went.

He picked a tuft of hollyhock,
Then gave a sigh, and one more look,
As 'yont the elm-tree in the lane
The shuddering willows three times shook.
I heeded not the warning then.
'Twas ten years since, this very day,
That Robert left us all alone,
And took yon path, the Hindon way.

Sometimes, when 'mid the brooding mists
That shroud the valley and the lake,
Looms through the golden harvest moon,
And glows o'er down, and hill, and brake,
I think I see him in the dusk,
When George is playing at the door,
And spring to meet his welcoming arms,
As I have done so oft before.

Or some morn in the harvest-time,
As when he left me, he will come,
Meeting me down a row of sheaves;
And we shall hurry laughing home,
And wake our boy with kisses, then
He'll take his favorite seat and tell
Of his mysterious wanderings,
And what the day he left befell.

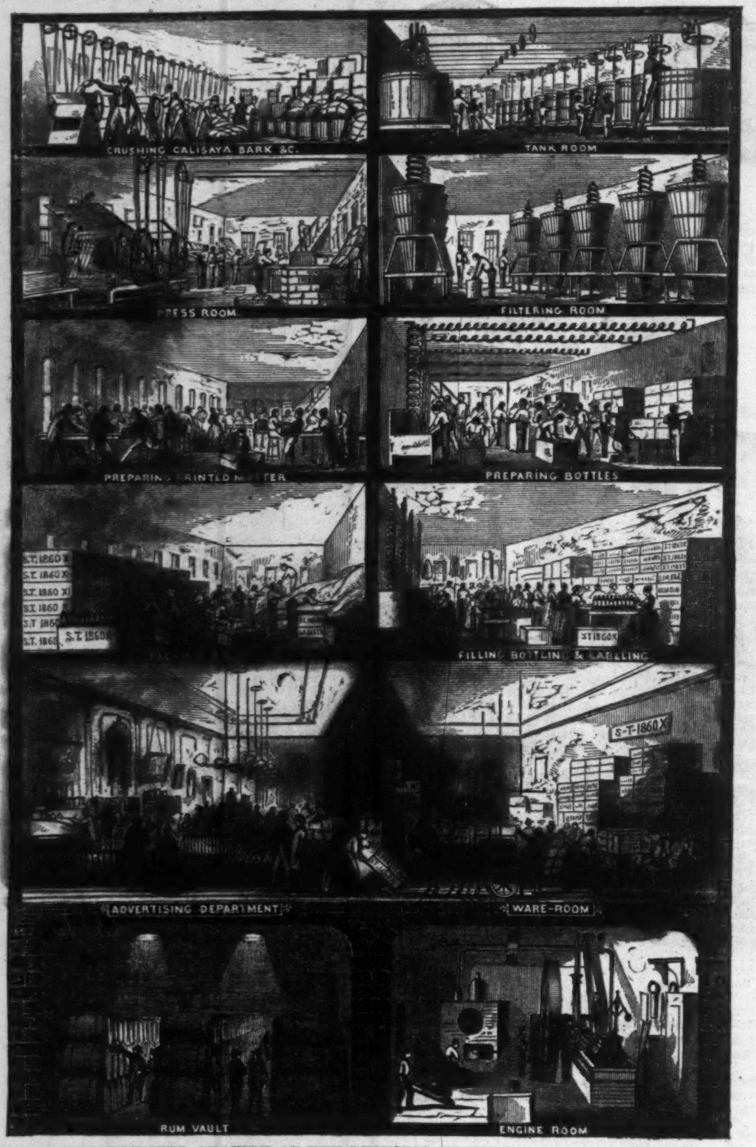
Sometimes I dream I see a man,
His back toward me, by a brook
Full of swift-darting trout, whose fins
Flash past the weed-drifts as I look.
A dying fish flaps on the grass—
Then, led by something that I see,
I steal still closer to his side:
He turns. Oh, gracious God, 'tis he!

Or—think not of it, my worn heart,
Some winter's night, when I am old,
There'll come a beggar lame and bent,
And pale and shivering with the cold.
And when I bring him to the fire
He'll call me by the fondling name
He used to twenty years ago—
Oh! should I know him if he came?

Dear George, if father should return
When I am under church-yard grass,
Tell him how oft I spoke of him,
And take him out that he may pass
Near where I lie asleep, and see
If the tears fall for her he left.
Oh, agony of lingering grief!—
Yet, George, I am not quite bereft.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

Laboratory of P. H. Drake & Co., New York.



THE UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS OF MESSRS. P. H. DRAKE & CO., of New York, is one of the wonders of this enterprising country. But a few years ago these gentlemen commenced the manufacture of the now celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS and MAGNOLIA WATER, in a common barrel, in an obscure location. The reputation of the articles spread faster than their ability to supply orders. There was hardly a nook or a corner of the civilized world which did not bear evidence of their enterprise and presence. Hogsheads gave way to tanks, single rooms to whole buildings, the hand-press to steam-engines. Material became exhausted. One agent was dispatched to South America to procure Calisaya; another to the West Indies to manufacture St. Croix Rum; while most of the Shaker brethren were engaged preserving roots and herbs. The above is a photographic sectional interior view of their present laboratory, at 105 and 107 Liberty Street, New York. The value of the buildings, fixtures, and material on hand is not less than $300,000. Near one hundred hands and several teams are kept employed. They pay the press near $100,000 per annum; and their total receipts are about the same as those of the New York and New Haven Railroad. It is useless to say such results could exist without merit. *Viva la* PLANTATION S. T. 1860, X!

Important to Consumptives.

Until the critical observation and deep research instituted into the nature, proper classification and treatment of diseases, by an eminent member of the medical profession, revealed the existence of fatal errors in judgment and practice on the part of his brethren, it was quite common to treat some of the many varieties of disease of the liver as consumption. Of course the treatment was fallacious, as the liver, and not the lungs, was the true seat of the disease. That fatal errors have been made, and that they are yet being made, admits of no doubt. Examinations of the bodies of persons who have been treated for consumption, have revealed the fact, that while the lungs were not at all affected with organic disease, the liver was found greatly enlarged—subject to fatty degeneration, and filled with countless multitudes of scrofulous tubercles. There is no question but that a very close relation exists between the lungs and the liver, and that the organs are interchangeably affected by disease. Hence, we find in unequivocal consumption a character of the stools which unerringly points to a perverted or deficient action of the liver; and very frequently observe an attack of bilious fever, followed by every symptom of incipient consumption. How gladly will many supposed consumptives learn that medical science has discovered a great specific for all complaints originating in diseases of the liver. DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS act directly upon the organ in which is located the prime disease, and never fails in eradicating it, root and branch.

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